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35 CENTS

JUNE, 1926



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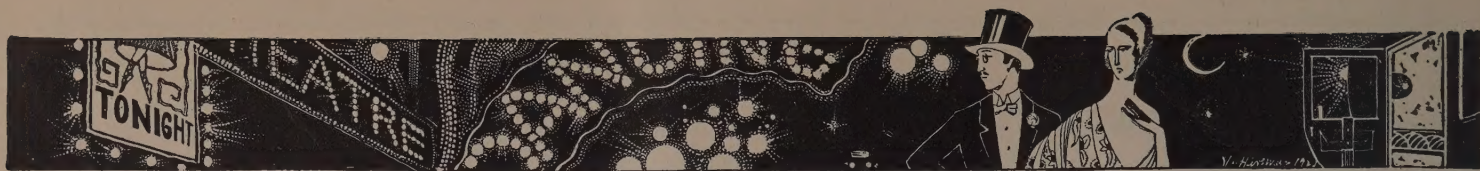
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by Elizabeth Hall Yates

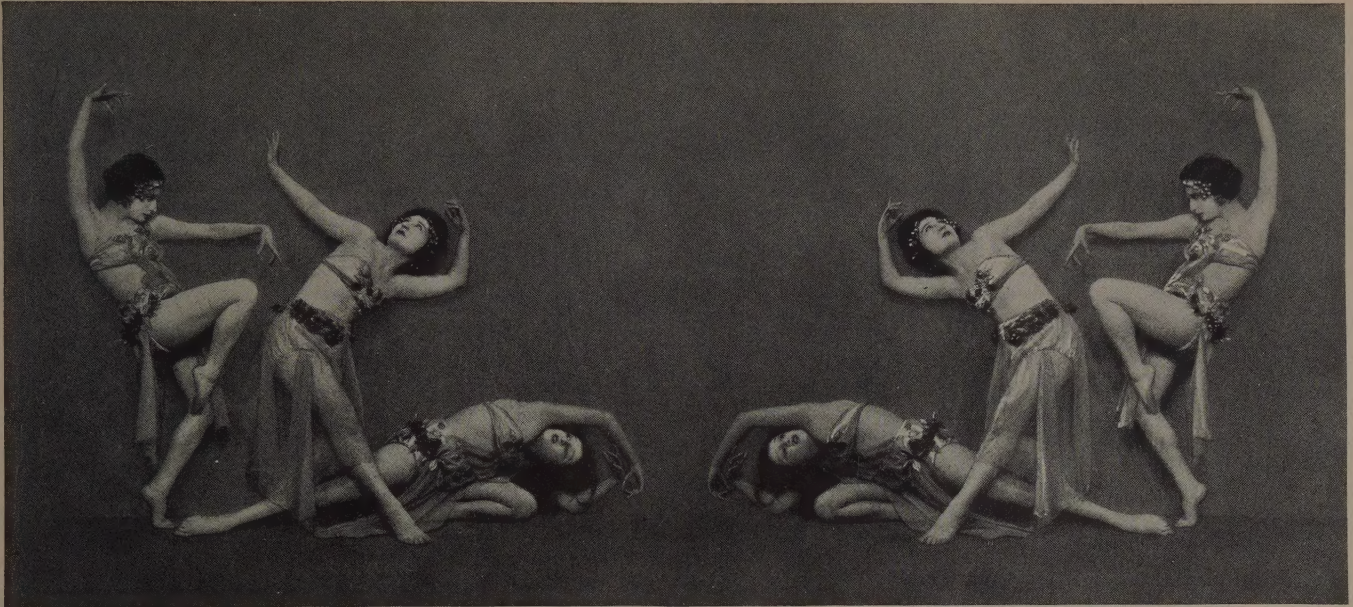
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Nicholas Muray

THE splendid portrait in colors of Gilda Gray which adorns our current cover is the first of a remarkable series of covers, by the famous Hungarian artist Rasko, which henceforth, with the exception of the July cover, will make THEATRE MAGAZINE more conspicuous on the newsstands than ever. Marcus Aurelius Rasko, known all over the world for his fine portraits, was born in Buda-Pesth. For three years he lived in England, but when the war broke out came to America. In London his work attracted much attention, among other portraits he painted being those of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Roxborough, the King of Bulgaria, John Burns, and the late President Harding. Such distinguished musicians as Mischa Levitski and Fritz Kreisler have sat for him and such artists in the theatre as Bebe Daniels, Luella Gear, Grace Moore and Tessa Kosta, whom he painted in her Oriental beauty as The Rose of Stamboul in the operetta of that name. The portraits of stage favorites he will continue to execute for THEATRE MAGAZINE will add still greater lustre to his name. Look out for each of his colored covers. They will be well worth framing. And so, with these few facts to identify this celebrated artist, we announce his debut in THEATRE MAGAZINE with the present June issue.

ANOTHER new contributor to THEATRE MAGAZINE! Her name is familiar to all who read—Zoe Beckley. Beginning with our July issue Miss Beckley will write a series of intimate portraits of stage persons you have read about or, perhaps, seen at some time. Miss Beckley has been a newspaper writer for a number of years and many of her associations have been with stage folk. She was even instrumental in helping one actor—today a great Broadway favorite—get his first chance behind the footlights. It was some years ago that an emaciated, delicate looking boy timidly approached Miss Beckley and asked her if she could help him through the newspaper she was then writing for. He explained his pitiful case—his poverty which was apparent, the necessity of getting immediate employment and then—his burning ambition to go on the stage. Miss Beckley tells sympathetically, restrainedly this touching and yet humorous tale of how she aided Glenn Hunter of *Merton of the Movies* and now *Young Woodley* fame to get his first job.

WHO better than an actor knows the backstage stories of the theatre and the backstage characters who go on for years tormenting actors, sometimes helping them—the bane of every stage-door Johnny's existence, and again the aid of those fascinated by the glamour behind the footlights? Geoffrey Kerr, now touring with the *Close Quarters* company and remembered for

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his delightful interpretation of the Prince in *Just Suppose*, has written for the July THEATRE MAGAZINE a delightfully humorous account of the guardians of the stage-door portal. Five stage-door keepers he knows most intimately and he is going to tell you about them in a charming, humorous manner.

"IT is not the theatre which pollutes the audience but the audience which pollutes the theatre." This is the startlingly frank observation made by Charles Coburn who, with his wife, has given us some of the best treats we have had in the theatre. Certainly there are few who know more about the theatre and its problems than Mr. Coburn. There are not only economic obstacles to overcome, but audiences must be pleased. He has something to say about the "Highbrows" who insist that expressionism of some kind must be written into a play and the many other faddists who are distinctly undermining the contemporary theatre. This article by the actor who delighted you in *The Yellow Jacket* and *The Better Ole* will be extremely enlightening and of infinitely more interest because it is written by an actor who knows.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS contributes an article of deep interest—"Shakespeare for a Dime." It's the way the masses and also the classes go to see Shakespeare at the Old Vic in London today. How they humbly stand on line for hours and they go, sometimes twice a week, to see the same play. Shakespeare is recognized as a British institution. Every cockney knows his Shakespeare and every actor who is performing. The various interesting characters Mr. Phillips describes with humor and a touch of pathos. His little story about the Old Vic in London is one of the most delightful to be found in the July issue.

AREN'T we all—acting? Even you and I, who are not professional players—aren't we acting all the time, on the Avenue, in the restaurant, at the theatre? Was there ever a better actor than Kaiser Wilhelm? In the July number an amusing article shows how the average person finding himself in a crowd of his fellows, automatically summons all his dramatic skill and proceeds to act. A contribution of shrewd observation and much humor. In the July issue.

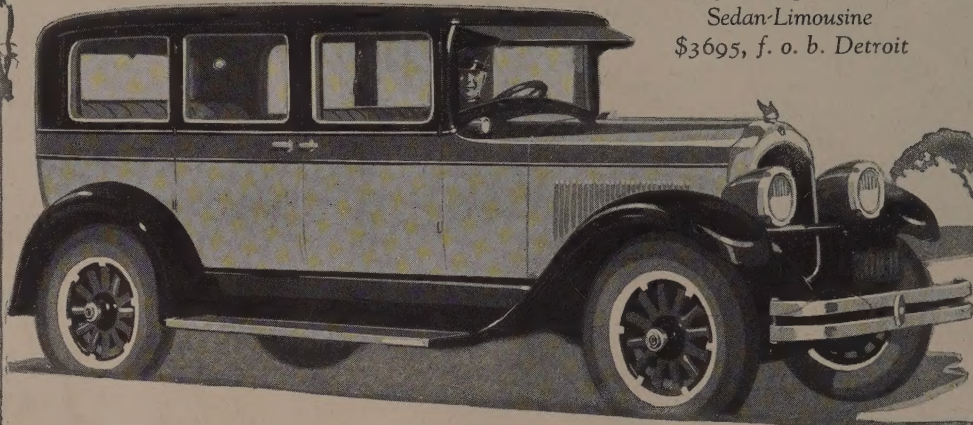
OUR DEPARTMENTS

NO branch of the theatre is neglected by this publication. The Opera, the Dance, the Community Theatre, Fashion, all receive attention in the various departments of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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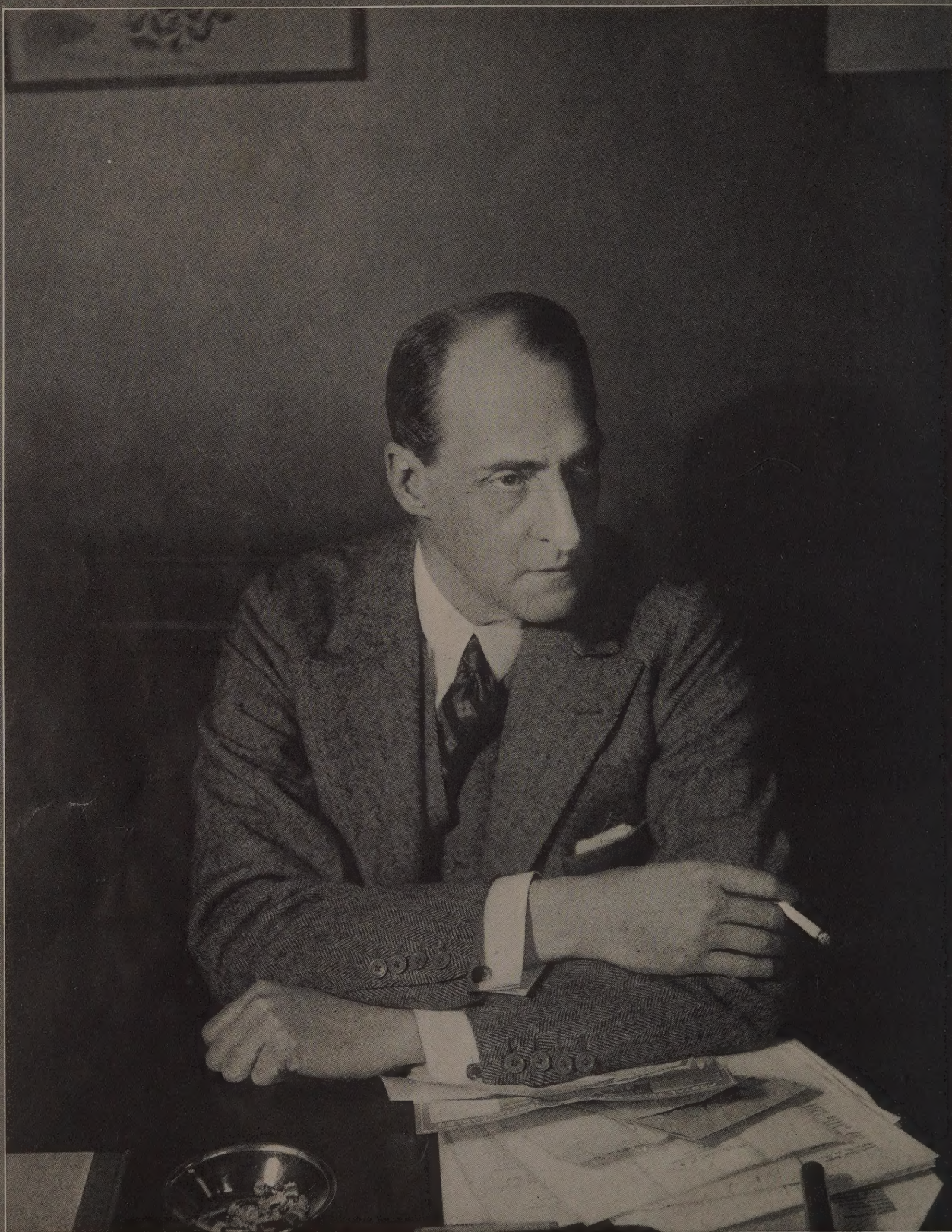
JUNE, 1926



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ALICE BRADY

who as the neurotic, religious-crazed wife in "The Bride of the Lamb," gives one of the outstanding performances of the season



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THE PRODUCERS. NO. 8: WINTHROP AMES

An aristocrat in taste and culture, this manager can always be depended upon for productions really worth while. Born at North Easton, Mass., he was educated at Harvard where he became a leading spirit in college theatricals. His managerial career began in 1904 at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, where he had a stock company. In 1909 he assumed the directorship of the short lived New Theatre and a few years later gave the cozy and luxurious Little Theatre to our public. Among his most recent productions have been: "The Blue Bird," "The Piper," "The Pigeon," "Prunella," "Pierrot the Prodigal," "The Betrothal," "The Green Goddess," "Will Shakespeare," "Beggar on Horseback," "Old English," and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," which last marks a radical departure in his activities

The Crowd Out Front

Reactions of the Modern Audience to Some of the Plays Produced To-Day

By LILLIAN BARRETT

I SAW not long ago an exhibition of Mr. Benda's masks. Grotesque, brilliant, sinister things they were. Each feature was a human one, yet by strange combinations and permutations the completed face became utterly inhuman, terrifying, dismaying. One had almost the sense of contact with the supernatural. It is exactly this feeling of uncanny disturbance that a New York theatre audience induces in me. Viewed from an upper box, the real vantage point for observation, the lowered lights just grazing the upturned faces, the audience starts out at one immediately as a distinct aggressive personality. The component parts, the Smiths and Joneses, the Stravinskys and Paglierris, you and I, shake down into a oneness that is undeniably, incredibly a "thing." And what hideous, distorted ideas, what unbridled passions, what unbelievable stupidities, sentimentalities, superstitions control the reactions of that thing!

These reactions are for the most part incalculable, but there are one or two fairly defined. For instance, the temptation of the man of God has become undeniably a comic theme. The Bible has become blurred somehow with the funny paper. I heard someone talking of Cecil De Mille's *Twelve Commandments* the other day. What can you expect of an age where the Decalogue is all tangled up with the Daily Dozen? So the playwright who treats of his apostle as flesh and blood displays a vast temerity. *Rain*, that brilliant, sinister tragedy, working so inevitably to its tortured culmination, played night after night to a crew that squawked and screamed with laughter. The Dooleys in their perennial "Walking Down the Avenue" could never hope to elicit such uncontrollable mirth as did the Reverend Davidson and his wife in their pitiful hapless plight.

ANOTHER theme, held equally side-splitting, is that of youth's first love. Glenn Hunter, as young Woodley, groping for perspective in a world distorted and awry, with an agonized, passionate desire to have love a beautiful thing, gives an exquisite performance. The racking tragedy of adolescence! And the audience (strangely enough made up of good-looking people) are taking it as a Keystone Comedy!

Daddies, that saccharine feeble little war play of Belasco's of some years ago, drew on its opening night the most flagrant audience I have ever beheld. How and why I have never figured out, as this was before the days when the Dean had begun to show his true colors. (Could it have been that Rosie Quinn's "Won't You Be My Daddy?" so popular at the time, had misled

them?) But I am sure that every recognized reputable "Madam" in New York was there, overdressed, fat, bejeweled, with elaborate pretense at ease and authentic matronliness. They enjoyed the play thoroughly, casting a furtive tear now and then at some sentimental banality. Mascara and brine got sadly mixed up before the evening was over, but I like to think the brine predominated.

In striking contrast to these damaged Vestals was the audience Noel Coward drew unto himself in *The Vortex*. That I should characterize as the inhibitive spin-

No decent, hard-working, self-respecting husband and father can come to New York alone without taking in the *Follies*, or the *Scandals* or the *Vanities*. The Babbits, and the pitiful would-be Babbits, all round up here, badly dressed, strutting, aswagger; and they take back with them an exact accounting of the nude women they have seen and the ugly jokes they have heard, to pass on to their fellow Elks. And these are representative specimens of our magnificent American manhood!

ster audience. The critics had misled them, of course. "High life, daring, reckless! The apotheosis of sophistication!" And the good souls all turned out automatically to have a look. Well—you can fool some inhibitive spinsters some of the time, but you can't fool all inhibitive spinsters all of the time. That is the reason, I think, for Mr. Coward's eventual most pitiable collapse. That house-party, with its golden oak bookcase in the offing, its squeaky victrola, its heavy-footed dancers galumphing to the footlights to relieve themselves of fatuous platitudes! And the hostess, wanton that she is, seeking to lure her lover to her bedroom by suggesting he bring her a glass of milk on his way up-stairs! Is this a post-war formula for a British bacchanal?

Mr. Coward's attitude towards life is essentially that of a boy in prep school. Perhaps he is in prep school; I don't know to the contrary. But even if he isn't, however old he grows, whatever experiences life brings him, he is, once and for all, the eternal sophomore, with his half-baked psychoanalysis and claptrap cynicism. Or, better still, the small boy who, having learned his first bad word, must shout it to the multitude at large. A bad word? No, not even that. Just a Mayfair equivalent to an anemic "Gee!" or "Gosh!" Small wonder

the gentle spinsters found him lacking! Far, far preferable the movie interpretation of fast living, equally false and meretricious though it be. A wine bath, the abandon of nigger jazz, weighed against a rasping record and a glass of milk! Who could hesitate? But what a drain on the vitality, this attitude of the conscious shocker, harmless though his attempts may be. (Mr. Coward's nerves are apparently showing the strain.) Why not start out with the Continental premise that everyone of us is decadent? What a comfortable, genial working basis to build life on, and, incidentally, a sophisticated play, if you happen to be a playwright! I must say, in fairness to Mr. Coward, that, shut away for a week-end with that particular house-party, he was completely justified in resorting to drugs. I should have done the same. By the way, the part of the mother *was* well written and excellently well played.

THE GUARDSMAN was my idea of real sophistication and its audience the truly initiated. All the Ibsen plays have attracted intelligent patrons, *Accused* also. *Hamlet* (in modern dress) drew the most desirable audience I have seen gathered together anywhere. Alert, keen, balanced, critical, curious! And they came back, the same people, again and again in appreciation of Mr. Sidney's most human, most searching, most poignant performance. *Hamlet* (in modern dress) sounded the death-knell of the Barrymore tradition, with its erotic, neurotic fancy-dress ball chicanery.

The Lower Depths, given by the Moscow Art Players, was a supreme revelation to me. It was almost a straight Russian audience. People to right of me, people to left of me, thought, felt, talked that strange wild tongue; frivolous little jokes were being made up and down the aisles in words of ten syllables; candy and peanuts were being bartered for in straight driving consonants. The impact of all those Slavic personalities struck into my very soul; I became, by a peculiar emotional transference, a Russian. Moreover, as the play unfolded, I became specifically a Russian of the lower depths, all of a piece with that swarming, gay, human, tragic, infested little lodging-house. I was a prostitute, a consumptive, an inn-keeper, a broken-down actor. I was hungry; I was cold. I ate; I made merry. I was life; I was death; I was Russia. It's a wonder I didn't go out, when it was all over, and begin to range up and down Broadway, howling like a wolf. The next morning when I woke up, I was amazed my bed was not on trestles; surprised, a little disappointed, too, not to find

(Continued on page 62)



Photo Maurice Goldberg

THE AMUSING DUMBELLINI CLOWNS IN GAVRILOV'S "BALLET MODERNE"

Novelty and humor in the new Russian terpsichorean revue which recently delighted audiences at the Princess Theatre. Scene in the Circus number, the dancers being (left to right) James Pendleton, Alexander Gavrilov, Vladimir Chastunoff

The "Scab" Plays

What One Theatregoer Fears May Happen from the Dramatists' Closed Shop

By DON C. SEITZ

THE closed-shop victory won by the playwrights over the producers has not resulted in quite so serious a situation as Mr. Seitz outlines in this article. The dramatists have not established a closed shop in the strict sense of the term. While the managers henceforth will deal with no playwright not a member of the Dramatists' Guild, that really bars no newcomer from having his play produced, for all the new playwright has to do is to pay the small sum of \$5, which makes him an associate member. When his play is produced, he can become an actual member on payment of \$25.—EDITOR.

THE soul of Samuel Gompers must look down (or up) in beaming delight upon the latest success of Unionism, to wit: The Closed-Shop Agreement between the Society of Dramatic Authors and the Theatrical Managers of New York, by which it is agreed that "scab" plays will no longer be produced in our village. It was Mr. Gompers' ambition to cover with the ægis of his organization the highest and humblest toilers in the land. So the new deal would receive from him a warm welcome were he now in his substantial flesh. Dramatic authors ought to measure pretty nearly to the top among honest workmen. The shift from profession to trade is inconsequential in view of the great achievement attained by thus locking out the look-in.

The stage is now happily Unionized. Scene shifters were the first to assert their rights. Then followed the White Rats of Vaudeville and the Actors' Equity League. No wonder the playwrights found it time to block the remaining opening. Every ap-panage of amusement is now neatly lined up except the public. So far as they are concerned, the late William H. Vanderbilt's apothegm still stands—"The public be damned!" They always have been and always will be.

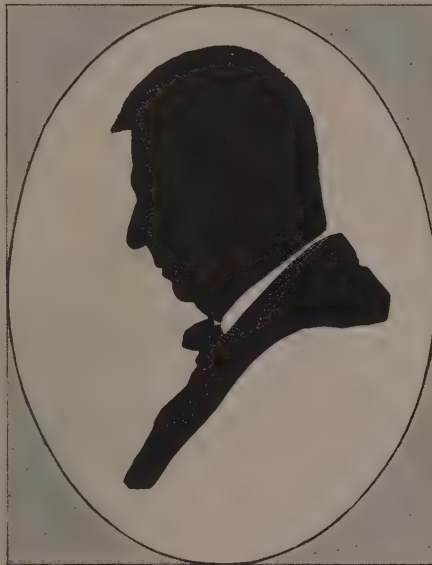
Some serious questions are apt to arise out of all the perfection achieved. It was Michael Angelo who said that it took only a little thing to make perfection, but perfection was not a little thing! How are we going to guard against bootlegging dramatic authors who might refuse to be snubbed or to join the Union? The traditions of the Rialto show there is no sure way of keeping out the critters. For example, there is Ann Nichols. Sources of supply exist in the various "Neighborhood Playhouses" with which the country is infested.

The public in its damned condition is just as likely to patronize a bootlegged play as it is to pay \$65 a case for \$15 worth of Scotch. It is peculiar in its refusals to do anything that ought to be expected of it.

THE managers seem to have accepted the situation calmly. Protected by the ticket speculators, they long ago ceased to worry about the merits of their productions. It probably looks cheaper to give the Society of Playwrights a monopoly than to increase royalties.

Here I must admit that my own flare toward the stage is largely academic. I like to read plays better than to see them, especially since the play and not the actor has become the thing. It was from this stand-

point that I accepted membership on a play jury during the last spasm of virtue and cheerfully O. K'd one of the worst I ever saw. It was successful, though I cannot



DON C. SEITZ

This well-known newspaper man, lately of the New York World and now one of the editors of the Outlook, sees in the recent little unpleasantness between the dramatists and the producers a problem of vital interest to potential playwrights—of which he is perhaps one—and he writes about it in his usual humorous vein

recall the name of a single "artist" in the company.

Not long since I met William Allen White, who said he had been to see *Craig's Wife* the night before. I asked him who she was. "I don't know," he replied; "I went to see the play." Now this rather hurt my feelings. I know and admire the leading lady. But if "the play's the thing," there should be no complaint about its becoming a Union product.

One cannot help wondering what will happen to insistent genius, however. I have a vision of the little gray lady working two hours a day as Frank I. Cobb's stenographer in the *World* office, who suggested a small, shy mouse, and yet wrote the roaring "Tavern." True, a touch from George M. Cohan's clever hand made burlesque out of seriously written melodrama. The profits to the author were amplified by the change, which conveyed comfort for the liberties taken.

What Price Glory was the outcome of a lunch-table talk in the *World* restaurant between the three-quarters of the person

left by war of Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The rough recital of some incidents in the life of the company of marines which Stallings commanded caused Anderson to say: "I want that for a play." He had recently written *The White Desert*, which turned out to be a white frost. One word led to another—and to a most successful stage presentation. I would not call it a play. Mr. Anderson alone later wrote *Outside Looking In*, which did well.

Will it be the fate of new writers from now on to be kept *outside looking in*? The success of a play in New York gives it a stamp of approval that usually carries it elsewhere. This puts the new Union arrangement in a strong position. The out-ports call themselves "broad" and New York "provincial," but they still insist on being fed from the metropolis. Chicago is a big city, full of force and character, but I do not recall that it has produced anything dramatic since Dave Henderson displayed *The Crystal Slipper* in 1888. It succeeded in New York, mainly because the slipper was fitted to the floor end of May Yohe's lovely legs.

If Boston has produced anything since John Stetson died, I have not heard of it.

It is not necessary to hold that the stage is going to the dogs because of the newest situation. It isn't—partly because the dogs will not have it. If the standard of acting is little better than that of amateurs, it is largely because the audiences are amateur. The old-time playgoer and the old-time actor disappeared with old-time society. This is the age of the average. The exceptional must wait until called.

PERHAPS it is some instinctive feeling that the machine-made stage is in for an upset that inspires this closer getting together of authors, managers and actors. One of the strongest of human desires is to forefend the competitive principle. The trades union seeks to build a fence about its personal possession, whether in the theatre or the mill. The protective desire is innate in the human mind. Yet the competitive principle is one that will not be brooked. Advantage against it is nearly always temporary. Some of the biggest beneficiaries of tariffs have been the first to go broke. Probably more "union" men are apt to be out of employment than any other kind.

It must be admitted that the standard of living among dramatic authors has vastly risen. I know some of the charming chaps and envy them their country seats, their automobiles and their Winters on the Riviera.

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Gay Paree!

Famous Parisian Resorts That Make the French Metropolis the Playground of the World

By P. RALPH MILLER

PARIS, gayest of European capitals, storehouse of art treasures. . . . The Seine, blue-green in the sunlight, a silvery ribbon beneath the splendid moon. . . . Notre Dame, cathedral of cathedrals, age-bewildered, her flying buttresses and gray squat towers silhouetted against the sky. . . .

The Latin Quarter, ghost of a bygone day; the Boulevard Michel, quaint meandering streets flanked by snug little shops with shuttered windows; the Sorbonne. . . . Place de l'Opéra, a brilliant circle, expensive and exclusive establishments, taxicabs scurrying hither and thither like frightened mice; the theatre hour, beautiful women, opera-cloaked and Spanish-shawled, flawlessly coiffured; sartorially perfect men. . . .

Rue de la Paix, fashionable and aristocratic; Café de la Paix, center of the world, marble-topped tables set upon the sidewalks, the thirsty leisurely sipping their drinks and watching the passing throng. . . .

Montmartre, the last stand of Bohemianism, colorful and gay all-night cabarets, the cancan; the Moulin Rouge, music-hall *par excellence*; apaches, leader and pack, slinking figures, corduroy-clothed, brilliantly scarfed, super-sheiks; little women, tired eyes and rouged lips. . . .

Thus Paris is vignettized.

Gay Paree! Brilliantly colorful, quaintly picturesque, weirdly strange, exotically Bohemian, Paris, renowned for its cabarets, its café concerts and its music-halls.

The spectacular revue, which has firmly rooted itself upon our native stage, originated in Paris, where it is still to be found in its most perfect form. The French music-hall is world-renowned, and no visit to Paris is complete without an evening spent in the smoke-filled atmosphere of either the Folies-Bergère or the Moulin Rouge.

DURING the Summer months the music-halls are at the height of their season. The state-owned and subsidized theatres are closed for the most part, the intimate boulevard theatres are shuttered and dark, and the variety halls and the cinemas are attracting but few. During this lull the playgoers give themselves up to the enjoyment of the brilliant spectacles to be found upon the stage of a score or more of the music-halls. The revues are patronized to a large extent by the Frenchman himself and are not, as the impression is generally conveyed, concocted mainly for American consumption.

There are four revues of major importance: the Folies-Bergère, the Palace, the Casino de Paris and the Moulin Rouge, corresponding respectively to our Ziegfeld *Follies*, *Greenwich Village Follies*, George White's *Scandals* and Shubert's *Artists and Models*.

The Folies-Bergère, situated in the Rue Richer, not far from the boulevards, is, per-

haps, the most famous resort of the kind in the world. As to the name, so often misinterpreted and mistranslated, an explanation is necessary. M. Bergère was a well-known Parisian of the last century, and his fame is perpetuated in the street that bears his name. The word "bergère" may mean any of several things, but in this connection the word is not translatable. It bears the same relation to the famous entertainment

that New York's Grand Street bears to the *Grand Street Follies*.

Outwardly the structure that houses the Folies is unprepossessing. There is nothing to indicate the splendor within. Plastered all over the nondescript cement façade are posters and billing. These blatantly inform one that the current attraction, *Un Soir de Folie* (A Night of Folly), is a super revue in two acts and forty scenes. The principal *tableaux* are listed, and one glances over the French titles that are not without some meaning even to the person whose knowledge of the language is confined to "Toot sweet" and "Parley voo francay." Translated, the titles listed are:

The Lustful Toreadors, Chickens à la broche, Strange Eyes in the Night, the Marvelous Fish-Pond, the Dance of the Moonlight Fishermen, a Stairway to the Stars, Map of the Heavens, Dance Unchaste Beauties! Chickens de luxe, the Gallant Grape-Gatherers, an Orgy in a Vine-Arbor, a Black Hand on a White Throat, in the Devil's Clutches, the Gates of Hell, the Claim of the Seigneur, Girdles of Chastity, Love Beneath the Mimosas, an Evening at Luna Park, Sadistic Nights, the Code of Mercenary Love, the Triumph of Aphrodite.

Nudity is the accepted rather than the excepted thing and is employed to the utmost.

Armed with a sheet of paper about the size of our treasury certificates and bearing seemingly meaningless hieroglyphics, the patron enters the theatre proper. Safely beyond the door attendant, who has pigishly removed a goodly portion of the "concession," he discovers himself—not in a theatre as he had expected—but in a gaudily gilded foyer set with neat little tables and chairs, with a bar and all its accoutrement in the background. The floor is a motionless sea of green plush, the walls are hung with gorgeous tapestries and velvet draperies. Pendant from the ceiling are clusters of chandeliers. There are gently swaying palms in all the corners and here and there a mahogany-pedestaled statuette, the harsh whiteness of which comes as a welcome relief to the monotony of the greens and reds and golds. In the center of the room a marble fish-pond, from the depths of which spurts a silvery fountain, playing gracefully in the brilliance of the lighting. The scene is typical and well-representative of the convivial spirit in which Parisian revues are steeped.

A "PROGRAM" is not a gratuity of a benevolent management in European show houses. It must be purchased. The price is usually two francs, varying slightly in accordance with the nature of the booklet itself. Furthermore, the young-old dame who dispenses this article so important to the full enjoyment of the entertainment makes it known that the "prix" stated upon the cover of the program is not shared in any way by herself. If he knows what

(Continued on page 56)



FOLIES-BERGÈRE	
32, RUE RICHER - TEL. GUTENBERG 03-59	
LA SUPER-REVUE	
2 Actes et 40 Tableaux de M. Louis LEMARCHAND	
Mise en scène de M. RENEZ, avec 100 Artistes et 1000 Costumes	
UN SOIR DE FOLIE	
PRINCIPAUX TABLEAUX	
LES TOREADORS IMPUDIQUES	
LES POULES A LA BROCHE	
DES YEUX ETRANGES DANS LA NUIT	
L'ETANG MERVEILLEUX	
LA DANSE DES PECHEURS DE LUNE	
LES GROTTES TRANSLUCIDES	
LA MONTEE DES ETOILES	
LA CARTE DU CIEL	
DANSEZ, BELLES IMPURES	
"POULES" DE LUXE	
LES HOTTES GALANTES	
L'ORGIE SOUS LES TREILLES	
UNE MAIN NOIRE SUR UNE GORGE BLANCHE	
SOUS LA CRIFFE DE SATAN	
LA HERSE INFERNALE	
LE DROIT DE CUISSAGE	
LES CEINTURES DE CHASTETE	
L'AMOUR SOUS LES MIMOSAS	
UNE SOIREE A LUNA-PARK	
LES NUITS SADIQUES	
LE CODE DES AMOURS VENALES	
LE TRIOMPHE D'APHRODITE	
MATINEES : Samedi Dimanches et Fêtes à 5 h. 30	

The Moulin Rouge (Red Mill), famous musical hall in the very heart of Paris Bohemia. Destroyed by fire two years ago to-day, its red wings are again turning, irresistibly attracting the public to the wonders of this celebrated resort. (Below) A typical program of the Folies-Bergère, a translation of which will be found in the body of the article



Marc Loebell as the picturesque and fiery Lo Fei, God of War in the Chinese play, *Kuan Yin*

Showmen of the Yokthé Pwé (Marionette Theatre) manipulating the puppets in the Burmese pantomime. The little man with his foot up is over one hundred years old and an original Burmese puppet, having been imported by the Neighborhood Playhouse direct from Burma



The Prince (*Blanche Talmud*) in *A Burmese Pwé*, an impression of Burma by Irene Lewisohn



A scene from *The Apothecary*, a comedy from the German of Joseph Haydn. Semproni (*Ian Maclaren*) comes in and surprises Grilletta, his ward (*Dorothy Sands*), with Mengone, his apprentice (*Harold Minjer*)

Volpino, the Fop (*Albert Carroll*), makes love to Grilletta in pantomime while the words are being sung off-stage



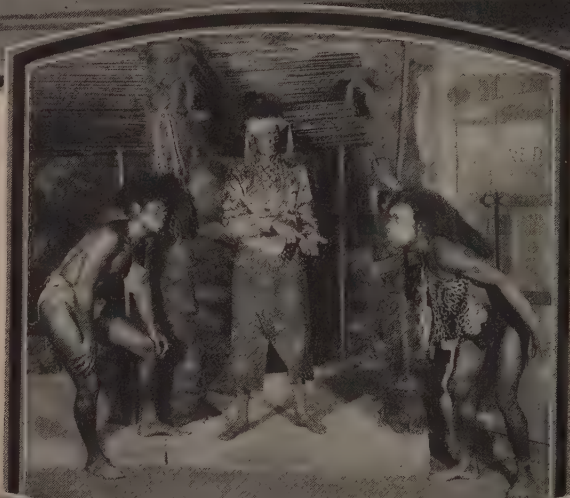
Photos Florence Vandamm

LYRIC DRAMAS IN GRAND STREET

The Neighborhood Playhouse alternates its program with a colorful bill



Dr. Kingsland (Richard Stevenson) defies Flint, but the crippled trader (Walter Huston) renders him helpless by lassoing his wrist



A runner warns Zoomie (Mario Majeromi) and Fuzzy (Clarence Redd, left) that the blood-crazed natives are advancing



Kregg (Frederic Burt) now a human wreck, realizes that he is in his implacable enemy's power



Conscience-stricken at what he has brought upon his own daughter, Flint enables her and the doctor to escape

"KONGO," AT THE BILTMORE, A GRIPPING PLAY OF THE AFRICAN VELDT
A colorful story of a bitter war for revenge, in the heart of the jungle

(Photos by Florence Vandamm Studio)

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face



HOW thin a line divides the religious frenzy of the fanatical revivalist from the lashings of suppressed sexual desire, only the psychoanalyst can determine. But that there is a closer connection between the two emotions than most people think or are willing to admit, can hardly be gainsaid. Havelock Ellis and other experts in the psychology of sex have shown the relation to be very close. Nor need one look further afield than the *Songs of Solomon*—those burning, ardent poems of physical passion and

desire—which have behind them the weight and sanction of Biblical authority. This merely to emphasize the point that William J. Hurlbut in his play, *Bride of the Lamb*, seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre, has not chosen as preposterous a theme as some loose-thinking, narrow-visioned persons might think.

To many people, of course, the play will seem sacreligious. But no dramatist can write scathingly of the grosser aspects of some so-called religious manifestations without incurring that criticism. Mr. Hurlbut is an able dramatist. He is quite as candid, and much more normal than Mr. O'Neill. He shows how a revivalist so preys upon the sensitive soul of one of his congregation—a sex-starved, neurotic wife—that she mistakes a wave of physical eroticism for soulful elation, and throws herself into the arms of the preacher.

The tensest scenes of the play concern themselves with the human passions of these two people, and where the play seems momentarily to approach blasphemy is in the interweaving of the name of the Saviour with these carnal manifestations. Therein the boldness of the play lies. But it rings with truth, and is not wanton merely for the sake of wantonness. It has long been an accepted fact that many "savers of souls" use their personal magnetism to hypnotise the individual. That has been exposed in many forms of literature, and Mr. Hurlbut justifies his exploiting it by giving us drama of masterly construction.

The tragedy of the present story is depicted in the fate of the young woman. She loses her reason on discovering that the preacher is married, and at the moment when the wife returns to claim her husband. It is easy enough to belittle Mr. Hurlbut's efforts by calling them theatrical, but they are excellently contrived, and show a fine knowledge of his craft.

Alice Brady has been given extraordinary high praise for her acting in this play, praise which her performance does not always merit. In the earlier scenes, where we see her as the dentist's wife, going about the house, scolding her red-headed imp of a daughter, remonstrating with her weak, whisky-sodden husband, she

is surprisingly artificial and amateurish. Her speech is unnatural, her movements and gestures mechanical. In the tender scenes—more familiar ground—she improves. Under the spell of religious exaltation, her nerves wrought up to a pitch of erotic frenzy, she does give a strong, convincing performance, but nothing, as a study in feminine hysteria, that a dozen actresses I could name would not do equally well.

Crane Wilbur is forceful and magnetic as the preacher, and a word of praise is due

rascally Frochards. We mock the crippled Pierre, who secretly loves the blind Louise, and, Raleigh-like, takes off his coat in the snow-storm to shelter her from the cold. We smile sceptically when the old Mother Superior, to shield an innocent, utters her first lie which, she is promised, shall be recorded in heaven!

Only a few years ago this sort of stuff was the very warp and woof of our American theatre.

To-day we sneer at it as hopelessly old-fashioned. We prefer sex plays, nebulous symbolism, bedroom filth. We like to wallow in the swill of the pig sty. The old-style melodrama is scornfully dismissed by our pseudo-philosophers as absurdly untrue to life.

Is it? To the average playgoer, to minds as yet unbalanced by morbid neuroses and psychological complexes, the old play still makes a potent appeal. Under the thin veneer of our modern cynicism we are still swayed by the elementary instincts and emotions. In actual life we still stone the harlot and respect chastity. We still have a sneaking admiration for brave men who rescue distressed maidens, no matter how craven our own behavior would be in like emergency. The unrequited, spiritual love of the crippled Pierre is as inspiring to-day as when pure affection, as distinguished from bestial passion, first filled the breast of primordial man.

There are still mothers—even dancing mothers—who weep over lost and erring daughters. We still like to see the wicked get their just deserts—as witness the universal interest in recent hangings. All of which goes to prove that our present-day sophistication and mocking cynicism is merely an empty pose and that the old plays, childish claptrap as we pretend them to be, are closer to actual life than is realized.

The Shuberts have hardly given the old play the richness of *mise en scène* it deserves and which, on former occasions, it has enjoyed. Some of the sets are surprisingly crude and shabby. We may have made progress in scenic art, but one would never suspect it from this revival. Robert Loraine makes a superb Chevalier de Vaudrey—handsome, full of spirit, the grand manner. José Rubens is a sympathetic Pierre and Wilton Lackaye an admirable Minister of Police. Henrietta Crosman lent her beauty and charm to the rôle of the countess. Fay Bainter is very sweet and appealing as Louise. Mary Nash, as Henriette, I liked less well. Her manner was harsh and the naïve ingenuousness of youth lacking. Robert Warwick's Frochard suffered in comparison with other Frochards I have seen, and May Robson, poorly made up, did not get out of the rôle of the Widow Frochard all there is in it. Henry Dixey, as Picard, I thought simply terrible. He burlesqued the part.

Plays You Ought to See

BRIDE OF THE LAMB—An exceptionally interesting and forceful play of religious fanaticism and suppressed desire. Well acted by Alice Brady, Wilbur Crane and competent cast.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

H. M. S. PINAFORE—Brilliant revival of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operetta with Fay Templeton, Marguerite Namara, John E. Hazzard, Charles Gallagher and other favorites in the principal rôles.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK—Remarkable study of Irish life by Sean O'Casey. Produced in America for the first time. Pathos and humor combine to make a fine play.

KONGO—A colorful melodrama of bush life in darkest Africa. Vivid and gripping. Well acted by Walter Huston and good cast.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisk comedy by Charles Winninger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

YOUNG WOODLEY—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Cahagan as the master's wife.

Arline Blackburn for her intelligent, humorous rendering of the part of the impish little Verna.

A LOT of water has flowed under the Pont Neuf since D'Ennery took Paris by storm with his famous melodrama, *The Two Orphans*, recently revived at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. The play was first seen in America, at the Union Square Theatre, this city, on December 21, 1874, with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as the gallant Chevalier de Vaudrey, McKee Rankin as the ferocious Frochard, F. F. Mackay as the cripple Pierre, Marie Wilkins as the Widow Frochard, Kate Claxton and Kitty Blanchard as the ill-used orphans Louise and Henriette. What a cast! And how the audience rose to the play!

Since those early days, theatregoers have become more sophisticated. Jaded palates demand more highly spiced food. To-day we laugh at the heroics of the handsome Chevalier de Vaudrey, who runs the libertine Marquis de Presles through the stomach when the abducted Henriette cries: "Is there not a man to defend my honor?" We snigger at the tears of the proud Countess de Linières who mourns the baby girl she abandoned on the steps of Notre Dame. We are indifferent to the misery of the aforesaid babe who, now a pretty girl, is the victim of the

NOT content with the many exhibitions the Theatre Guild has already given of weird concoctions that have no right to call themselves



plays at all, that cryptic institution signalized the approaching end of the season with one more baffling harlequinade. This one is Russian, is called *The Chief Thing*, and differs from its predecessors only in the fact that it professes to contain humor! Humor! Save the mark! Whatever attempts at drollery it manifests are so misplaced that they are as mirthful as a jazz-band at a funeral. Somewhere concealed in the bowels of the structure is the idea that the world loves illusions, and to be pleasantly deceived is better than to be wisely but painfully enlightened. Were this philosophy revealed with some measure of clarity or dramatic suspense, one might or might not quarrel with it, provided one were interested. But, submerged as it was with such a phantasmagoria of nondescript vagaries, it left no impression save one of bewilderment and gave the same kind of sustenance that one would expect to derive from food that could not be digested. Why the Theatre Guild should roam so far afield as Russia to capture a mess quite as inept as ninety-nine out of the hundred native manuscripts that are daily rejected in our managers' offices, is the outstanding mystery of the day.

It is almost impossible to lucidly tell the story of the play. I gathered that a band of players in an obscure Russian theatre had been hired to impersonate certain characters who should bring happiness into the lives of some unhappy people in real life. How far they succeeded not even the author knows, for he winds up his *opus* in absolute emptiness as convincing as a song whose text consists mainly of tra-la-la. In the course of this discourse many and varied subjects are discussed, which is always the case when the original idea is too scant for a whole evening's entertainment. It is not always possible to tell what the subjects are that are being debated, for a pall of mysticism envelops the proceedings.

The Guild actors who were called upon to impersonate the hired Russian ones had a hard task. McKay Morris was the leading man, but what he led to, I, for one, don't know. He assumed many disguises, and as was hinted in the piece, there was no reason why he should not continue to disguise himself indefinitely, save for the fact that the curtain had to be rung down at 11 o'clock. *Requiescat in pace!*

SCHWEIGER, with Jacob Ben-Ami, recently produced at the Mansfield Theatre, is a morbid, inarticulate play. By Franz Werfel, author of *Goat Song*, it was translated for our stage by Jack Charash and William A. Drake. It tells of a man who, in his youth seized with a homicidal mania, fires into a crowd of children with murderous result. An alienist takes him in hand, makes him drink of the waters of forgetfulness and starts him fresh in life with a new name and no recollection of the past. Socialist leaders urge him to ally himself with the cause, the clergy seek to save his soul, his psychic forces are sought for by a spiritist friend. He



takes unto himself a young and beautiful wife. A child is expected of the union. The alienist, who warns him against politics, is murdered by a fellow lunatic; the wife, conscious of his former state, has her unborn child killed. An excursion boat, crowded with children, bursts into flames. Schweiger performs miracles in their rescue and is badly burned. The survivors pass his window in review, an expression of their gratitude, when the culmination of all that goes before once more unhinges his mind. As he is about to fire into the crowd he has a gleam of reason, and he changes his mind, throwing himself from the window.

Which proves what? Perhaps the Pirandello philosophy that the state of lunacy is preferable to that of sanity or the Calderon hypothesis that "life is a dream" and it is better not to wake.

There were moments in Ben-Ami's acting that had a certain thrill; much of his impersonation, however, was conventionally tedious. Minnie Dupree nicely tuned into the apostle of spiritism, and a really impressive figure of the alienist was contributed by Edward Van Sloan. As the full-fledged lunatic Philip Leigh was gibberingly convincing, and there was real sincerity in Herbert Rawson's rendering of the priest. Ann Harding was pretty to look upon as the wife, but the rôle was beyond her resources.

MUCH to the surprise of the reluctant theatregoer who, during a season of such mad exploits



in the name of art as have been experimentally foisted upon the public, the new bill of The Stagers at the Princess Theatre, comprising one act of Joseph Conrad's entitled *One Day More* and three acts of Strindberg's *Easter*, proved genuine entertainment.

In the first piece Whitford Kane gives an exceptionally fine performance as a deranged old man waiting one day more for his son to return from the sea, not knowing that he had already returned and once more departed. This play, while gloomy, is a well-constructed little tragedy and as potent in its appeal as most of the stories of this master of fiction.

Edward Goodman, director of The Stagers, has gathered around him some half-dozen exceptionally intelligent players, who delighted with their diction and more with their sincerity. Josephine Hutchinson plays the part of a tender, sympathetic girl in the Conrad play with so much charm, force and Duse-like appeal that her future should hold great promise. Warren Williams, transferred from his recent success in *Twelve Miles Out*, played a British tar roaming the shores of his deserted native town with all the conscienceless abandon of a ne'er-do-well. It was a gripping performance that held the audience as well as the yearning damsel who had a glimpse of passion only to see it die.

Easter, the main feature of the program, gave us a Strindberg with whom we have had but little previous acquaintance. While pessimism still remains a prominent note, the resurrection implied in the title, and defining the eventual surcease from misery that arrives to a stricken family, proved a great recompense to the deeply moved auditors.

Again in this play the acting was unusual. Mr. Williams proved his versatility by ably depicting the son of the house bearing the burden of his dead father's peccadilloes. He was never

out of character. A surprisingly good performance of Eleonora, the sister whose mind was affected by this same father's guilt, was given by Michael Strange, the *nom de plume*, as well as the stage name, of Mrs. John Barrymore. Although a novice, whose angular movements revealed her inexperience, she has the prime requisite of the actor—a beautiful voice, charmingly modulated, which she knows how to project. She has also great personal beauty, radiant with intellect. Rita Romilly was a truly capable and winning Christina, the betrothed of the son, and Judith Lowry played the mother with an utterance that was really illuminating. And in conclusion an almost adjectiveless praise is due Arthur Hughes, who does not appear until very nearly the end of the play, but spoke the lines of Lindquist, the main creditor of the house, with such perfect understanding and delivery that he pointed the moral of the entire play with penetrating clearness.

If The Stagers had accomplished nothing else than to show that acting has not become a lost art in this country, they would have justified their enterprise. The play has been translated from the Swedish by the well-known Velma Swanston and deftly edited by Michael Strange.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, author of the novel "Three Soldiers" and "Manhattan Transfer," insists on being a stylist at any cost. His play, *The Moon Is a Gong*, seen at the Cherry Lane Theatre, has the distinct virtue of being more lucid than most other samples of these experimental forms of drama.

The play, we are informed in a program note, is "a protest against the machinery and automatism of modern life. Gaiety has been chosen as its medium. Instead of putting all the emphasis on despair and destruction, it brings in also a note of idealism and romance and a faith that love and happiness are still possible even in this machine-mad world, if one has the strength and courage to defy the machine and be true to oneself." In the play the young protagonist is true to himself, to the extent of making an effort to climb to the moon to beat upon it as a gong, a fancy he has when a child, and which he tries to carry out at the drop of the curtain. If this means anything to you, all right. If not, what of it?

Irony runs rampant through the play, with Death in the guise of a garbage man. The jazz funeral scene, with the mourners acting as they really feel, though spilling crocodile tears, is the best satire in the piece.

Helen Chandler and Allyn Josslyn, as the young couple in love amidst all the chaos and uproar of the big town, are convincingly wistful and pathetic. Greely Curtis, as the telescope man, gets several minutes of solid applause in the middle of a scene when, as another of the play's principal protagonists, he has an excellent speech on this heartrending business of living and working in a machine-mad city.



TROPICAL life—the enchanting South Sea islands with their sun-beaten beaches and hula-hula beauties, darkest Africa, with its gloomy, mysterious jungle, its appalling heat and wasting fevers, the land of weird voodooes, beating tom-toms and human sacrifices, where white



Florence Vandamm Studio

"Joxer" Daly (Claude Cooper, left) lies glibly to shield his crony, the Paycock (Augustin Duncan), but Juno (Louise Randolph) is not deceived

SCENE IN SEAN O'CASEY'S DRAMA "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK"

This drama of Irish slum life, which has had sensational success in London and Dublin, introduced a new playwright to the world, Sean O'Casey, who until a few years ago was a manual laborer. Today the critics of the world's theatre sing his praises, comparing his plays with those of Chekov and Eugene O'Neill, and declaring him the "greatest Irish dramatist since Synge." "Juno and the Paycock," produced in New York under unfavorable conditions, and regarding the merits of which local critical opinion differed, has since been awarded the £100 Hawthornden prize for the best play of imaginative literature during the year.

men, outlawed from civilization, consort with black women, lose their reason and drink themselves to the level of beasts—never fails to provide an effective background for a vivid and colorful play. *Kongo*, by Chester De Vonde and Kilbourne Gordon seen at the Biltmore, is out-and-out melodrama, but this story of a white man's vengeance is gripping theatre and should prove popular with audiences who like suspense and thrill.

Flint, the hard-boiled trader, is a dangerous bad man. Only one in the country is more feared. That is Kregg, a trader some distance away, who amuses himself mutilating his niggers. Flint is dead from the waist down due to an injury inflicted years before by Kregg when the latter stole his wife. Unable to walk, he wheels himself about in a chair or drags himself along the floor as he lashes and terrorizes the people about him. Nourishing a deadly hate against the man who wronged him he prepares a ghastly vengeance. Of the female child, Annie, born to Flint's wife and of whom he believes Kregg to be the father, he has made a prostitute. She contracts a rare disease which, according to native superstition, must be cleansed by human sacrifice. The bloodthirsty savages are already outside the stockade clamoring for the white girl's life. Flint smiles grimly. Vengeance No. 1. Next he lays a trap for Kregg. He invites the trader to come and visit him at his post, the plan being that he shall never leave alive. Meantime, Dr. Kingsland, another white outcast, crazed with dope, staggers in from the jungle, a human wreck. Flint's first instinct is to shoot the unwelcome stranger, but he needs a doctor. Kregg arrives and a tense scene follows between the two, each spitting out his hate. Thinking to overwhelm his enemy, Flint tells Kregg that the prostitute is his own daughter. Kregg smiles grimly. Flint has made a mistake. Annie is his daughter. Dr. Kingsland, restored to health by Annie's care, falls in love with her, and the father, overcome at the wrong he has unwittingly done his own child, helps them to escape the ring of murderous savages each moment coming closer outside. They get away and Flint is left alone to wreak his final vengeance. Kregg, broken and helpless, finally falls victim of a native spear.

The acting is superior to the play. Walter Huston, a forceful actor, was admirable as Flint, hard, merciless, a man of iron. Frederic Burt did well as Kregg, and Richard Stevenson was forceful and sympathetic as the doctor. Florence Mason, as Annie, did not suggest physically the type of woman she was supposed to represent. She was too carefully coiffured for a woman supposed to have been living a rather loose life in the African jungle. Clarence Redd, a handsome negro, gave a magnificent performance as the stalwart Fuzzy and, with the exception of Mr. Huston, may be said to have carried off the acting honors.

RAQUEL MELLER, the Spanish ballad singer, who, for several years, has been loudly trumpeted throughout the world as a great artist, came to New York at the Empire Theatre recently after many postponements and invited an American verdict. Some of the local reviewers, swept off their critical feet by the glamour of the debut and the high price charged for the first-night seats—\$27.50, including tax—

professed to find the entertainment as good as returning transatlantic tourists had described it, and praised the Spanish artist in their respective columns unreservedly. To me the evening was an utter disillusion.

In European cities the singer has usually appeared at music-halls as a separate act sandwiched in between vaudeville acts. Here she appeared alone on an empty stage with no other accessory than plain black curtains. The program consisted of a number of songs, for each of which she changed her costume. While the changes of gowns were being made, the orchestra ground out appropriate music. It will thus be seen that Señorita Meller carried the whole burden on her own shoulders. Add to this the fact that the songs were sung in the Spanish language and it is not difficult to understand that the proceedings were rather tiresome. The truth is that Raquel Meller has been overpress-agented. She is a refined, sympathetic, intelligent, charming interpreter of ballads who makes her appeal chiefly by expert use of a soft, alluring voice and large, expressive eyes. In the program offered she does nothing that suggests the possession of any extraordinary vocal or dramatic gift. Her virtuosity cannot, for instance, be compared with that of the French *diseuse*, Yvette Guilbert, her predecessor in the ballad-singing field.

Meller's voice is monotonous. She frequently sings out of tune. Her songs are trivial and commonplace. As for looks, she has fine eyes, but otherwise she would pass unnoticed in a crowd. She is heavy in physique and not overgraceful. Above all, she lacks vivacity, a serious shortcoming in an interpretive artist.

She may be a good actress, but she did nothing on her first American appearance to prove it. Her impersonations, be they village maiden, princess, crooning mother, street-walker, flower-girl, are all done in the same key, with much the same gestures and pantomime. Her face, immobile, passive static, is not particularly expressive. Only with her eyes is she able to make any effect and these, it is true, are eloquent enough. Her acting, such as it is, leaves one cold. In the dramatic moments of her tragic songs she does not thrill, nor, in the songs supposed to be gay, is she successful in moving you to laughter. Some of the costumes she wears are attractive; others less so. The best things she does are the *Wanton* and the *Violet Girl*, in which latter impersonation she comes out with a basket among the audience and throws little bouquets to the spectators. The most one can say of her is that she sings nice little songs in a refined, charming manner. Refinement and charm are, it is true, rare enough nowadays to be counted as assets. But at \$27.50 a seat they come rather high.

DEVILS, the interesting, forceful play by Daniel N. Rubin, seen at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, is another intermingling of sex and religion. It is a tragedy of a backwoods farming community of the South where intellectually starved creatures are sustained by fanatical religion. Their emotional life is so distorted and frustrated that they fall back on a religion, and a God of vengeance, not of love. A hot-eyed parson is master of the ignorant flock, and whips their fears and their superstitions, strangely mixed up with the welfare of their cotton crops, to the seething point.

An orphan, young and tremulous, comes to this isolated district of fanaticism and intolerance, to make her home with a harsh, sex-starved farmer and his work-driven wife. When the boll-weevil arrives and infests the crops, the superstitions of the community are aroused. The parson, all intolerance and religious "visions," sees in the innocent young girl an evil omen. He attempts to exorcise the devils from her. At the same time, the farmer, tormented by frustrated desire, tries to beat her into submission.

The play is well acted, with as finely balanced a cast as this season has assembled. Especially satisfying is the work of Reed Brown, in the rôle of a youth who has had the joy of life almost beaten out of him by his bullying father; Jennet Adair, as the work-worn mother, who is treated like a worthless nag by her vigorous husband; John Cromwell, as the hot-eyed parson, religious visionary and fanatic, who interprets every trivial occurrence of the day as a sign from God, and David Landau, as the virile farmer, whose violent passions work havoc with all with whom he comes in contact. Ruth Mero makes of the little orphan Jennie a pitiful, pallid figure, all trembling lips and wavering hands, which reminds one somehow of Lillian Gish in her most woebegone moments.

IN *Half Caste*, at the National Theatre, another play with a tropical setting, there is exploited an actress who is billed as "Veronica" and nothing more. This lady is of the stalwart type, with magnificent muscles very frankly revealed in action. She talks Kanaka baby-talk. So all in all there was not too much inspiration for the dramatist, and yet Jack McClellan did fairly well in providing her a play for two acts. Then his story ended, and a third act was tacked on that served no other purpose than to add a few extra twists to the already well-exploited muscles. The story concerns itself with a drunken young millionaire, whose yacht is marooned off the coast of one of those hectic islands. He ignores the fact that he is already betrothed to a perfectly high-toned and extremely blonde young lady, who is traveling on his yacht, chaperoned by a sufficiently formidable aunt, and gets terribly tangled up with Veronica. He even decides to marry her. But it turns out that his dead father, who isn't really dead, but had become lost to the world on this fateful South Sea island, is also the careless parent of Veronica; so how could he marry his Veronica? He just couldn't. This dainty bit of plot was revealed at the end of Act 2. Veronica kills herself in Act 3. She could just as well have done so one act sooner.

If the play had ended one act sooner, Mr. Edgar MacGregor, the stage director, would have been spared the evidently very difficult task of arranging the many foolish entrances and exists that occurred towards the end of the piece, and stamped the whole play with feeble amateurishness. The actors were in some respects very good. Frederick March played the young scapegrace hero with great skill, and those two well-known actors, Frederick Perry, and William Ingersoll—the one as the dead-and-alive beach-

(Continued on page 50)





Florence Vandamm Studio

ACTORS' THEATRE SCORES WITH A FINE PRODUCTION OF "GHOSTS"

Oswald (José Ruben) tells his distressed mother, Mrs. Alving (Lucille Watson), that he is suffering from the same incurable disease that killed his father

Daring New Plays in London

"Scotch Mist" at the St. Martin's Theatre. "Wet Paint" at the Prince of Wales. New Revue at the Palladium

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

London, April 15, 1926.

SSCOTCH MIST, at the St. Martin's Theatre, is a play about a jazz woman who lived in a jazz house. Her name was Mary Denvers, and she was married to a Cabinet Minister whom she did not love. And no wonder, for such a person could not have drawn love from any human being, himself being more of a lobster than a man. Not that Mary was the misused and misunderstood and misloved person she imagined herself to be. She saw herself as a pilgrim in quest of Real Love, but, in fact, she was a baggage. Her husband and one Harry and one David Campbell had been sworn friends until she appeared upon the scene. Each of them fell in love with her and out of friends with each other. Lawson got her. Harry went away and died somewhere, and David, a strong, silent Scotch caveman, took to pioneering in Africa.

CREEPY, CRAWLY PEOPLE

IN London Mary lived in a house that would have given any sober person the creeps—even her telephone was kept in a box that appeared to have delirium tremens—and associated with vamp women in hideous clothes and creepy-crawly men strongly resembling the things one sees under a large stone. One of them, a Freddie person, dropped in every afternoon to inquire whether there was any likelihood of Mary committing adultery that evening. Her husband made epigrams about him. Her uncle made more epigrams about him. He made epigrams about himself. Nobody kicked him, a fact which worried and annoyed him. He felt that he deserved to be kicked, that he was being robbed of his right to be kicked. So did we. We would have kicked him ourselves if we could have believed in his existence. However, he went unknicked.

Then the strong, silent Scotch caveman unexpectedly turned up and uttered monosyllables. Would Lawson come to Kinloch Castle with him for the fishing? Lawson would. So would Mary, although neither Lawson nor David desired her company. In Scotland, the vamp is up. Freddie incredibly arrives there too, and is sent off with Lawson to fish. Mary and David remain behind, and she proceeds to be vampish. This rouses the caveman in him, and before the young person knows what he is about, he has locked all the doors, smashed the lamp, and set about her in a very brisk and hearty manner. I thought at first that he was about to kill her, but no such luck! He ravished her instead, and we narrowly missed seeing him do it. This, seemingly, was what Mary had been searching for all her life, and the next morning she told everybody all about it. Freddie said, "Well, I'm damned!" several times and departed. Lawson listened while Mary and David talked the matter over at

some length, and then, when they had settled to go off to Africa together and be as elemental as they knew how, he murmured a few cross words to his wife, telling her that she need not think he would receive her back when she was tired being bashed about. And he, too, departed.

The curtain descended on Mary and David, assuring each other that this was a far better thing than they had ever done! . . . Where does Sir Patrick Hastings live? He cannot be in his police court all day long, and even in police courts human beings are encountered. I have seldom seen a play in which so little effort was made to present people in human form. The dialogue, especially that spoken by Freddie, might have been uttered by a deranged gramophone. Characters were wastefully and wilfully employed. Five people appeared in the first act and were not seen again. This was a piece of kindness which was hardly deliberate. Another character, the only human one in the piece, was brought into the second act and then abolished. Acted by Miss Frances Ross-Campbell, she was a delight; and we wished we could have seen her again. Mr. Godfrey Tearle gave a capital performance as Campbell, and Mr. Edmond Breon and Mr. Robert Horton strove hard to put some life into parts that were out of human reach. Miss Tallulah Bankhead proved once more what an admirable actress she is by her performance of the vamp part. I will not go so far as Sir Patrick Hastings, who described her as the finest actress on the English stage, but undoubtedly she did more for Mary than he did. But she ought to put some variety into her voice. She speaks too much on one note, and that a low and monotonous one.

In my opinion, this play, if it were produced in the provinces, would ruin the Labor Party, whose Attorney-General Sir Patrick was.

"WET PAINT" A SHOCKER

SO many persons appear to have been informed that Mr. Edward Wilbraham is really Lord Lathom that I make no apology for treating the pseudonym as if there were no such thing, especially as Miss Iris Hoey, in the excitement of returning thanks on his behalf, referred to him by his proper style. This, of course, is not the first play to be written by a Peer of the Realm. Indeed, if certain doddering gentlemen are to be believed, nearly all of the Elizabethan literature was written by one.

Lord Lathom, however, follows the example of the Duke of Buckingham, rather than that of Francis, Lord Verulam, and his play, *Wet Paint*, which was produced for a single performance last night at the Prince of Wales' Theatre by the Venturers' Society—another of those accursed organizations which exist for the mortification of dramatic critics on Sunday nights—is prob-

ably the most cynical piece that has ever appeared on the English stage. It is theatrically effective, though most of its dialogue is rapidly smart, and it tells a story even if it does not deal in credible people.

There were passages in the play which might have been put into it by Mr. Somerset Maugham: neat passages, done with astonishing dexterity. But the third act lost a lot of its effect by a flippancy in the dialogue between the husband and the lover. An experienced dramatist would not have made Arthur Grimm say, at that point, many of the things he did say.

The play is undoubtedly clever, but it is also nauseous. Some of the speeches made one feel physically sick. Lord Lathom, too, has a crude desire to shock. He makes his characters blurt out words which are unsentential to the play, and would not, in fact, be used by the characters. In the first act Florence, a kept woman, describes herself to her friend, Lady Kerandal, in terms of eighteenth-century brutality. *Wet Paint*, in short, is that sort of play—the sort in which the dramatist gets a spurious effect by making his characters use the language of the gutter.

When I add that Sir Patrick Hastings, the author of *Scotch Mist*, who was in the audience, was seen to blush, I have said all that there is to say—except that the play was uncommonly well acted by Miss Iris Hoey, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Ethel Coleridge, Mr. Campbell Gullan and Mr. Nigel Bruce.

AT THE PALLADIUM

ANOTHER of those large, florid revues, which chiefly appeal to the lower middle-classes, is at the Palladium. Everything in it was done on a vast and expensive scale, and there was not any nonsense about beauty or subtlety or wit. Even Mr. Anton Dolin, the Gaelic Russian, succumbed to the atmosphere of winkles for tea, and gave us a ballet about doves which was without meaning and, despite the pretty poses of Miss Iris Rowe, was nearly empty of form.

Now and then an amusing item appeared in the wealth of "turns," notably one called *Angel Face* and another called *Unnecessary Remarks*, but most of the comics were worn or thin. I thought while I watched *The Pulse of Passion*, by Mr. Ronald Jeans, that I had seen the same sort of thing much better done lately by the Arts League of Service, when Miss Judith Wogan read a servant girl's novelette, by Miss Ethel M. Dell, and roused her audience to delighted laughter.

Angel Face was very funny indeed, chiefly because of the performance of a little person called Tiny Mite, who, however, cannot be the baby she looks, for she was still performing at ten-thirty, an hour at which the L. C. C. would not permit an

(Continued on page 58)

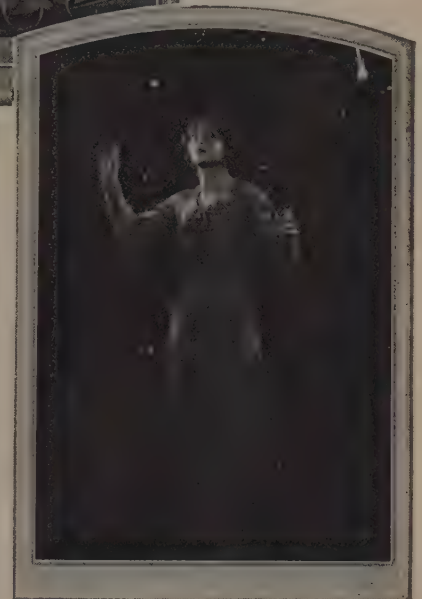
Unusual distinction and great personal charm easily explains the success of Evelyn Laye in the title rôle of the new musical play, *Betty in Mayfair*, now running at the Adelphi

Stage Photo Co



Scene in Theodore Komisarjevsky's production of the Chekov drama, *Uncle Vanya*, presented for a short season at the Duke of York's Theatre

Photo Lenare



(Center)

Scene in *Mr. Abdulla*, an adventurous absurdity by Reginald Berkeley at the Playhouse. Dr. Greener, the American secretary (*Morris Harvey*), tries some of his transatlantic humor on Mrs. Page (*Dorothy Pidcock*)

Fay Compton, as Mary Rose, in a singularly beautiful performance of Barrie's charming play at the Haymarket



Photo Lenare

Peggy Holland, who has good looks as well as a nimble grace, is one of the many reasons why *Mercenary Mary* is attracting large audiences to the London Hippodrome

WHAT LONDON THEATRES ARE SHOWING

Drama, Musical Comedy, Farce, Fantasy and Variety provide a rich and varied programme



WHEN THE AMUSEMENT PUBLIC'S AWAY—

The theatre managers have such a hard job finding plays that will please the public that there are times when, completely fed up, they seek innocent recreation. Our artist, Archie Gunn, has caught them in this sportive mood when, having thrown off the cares of producing, each amuses himself in the way he likes best. For example, on the right, you see Dave Belasco playing nicely with his new African dolls, and on the left the dignified Earl Carroll having a perfectly gorgeous time with a bathtub. Below is Sam Harris hurrying away to a golf game, and Rosalie



—THE THEATRE MANAGERS PLAY

Stewart indulging her favorite hobby—studying booklets of European travel. We catch a glimpse of doughty Bill Brady, ever spoiling for a scrap, and A. L. Erlanger, who prides himself on his resemblance to Napoleon. There, too, is Ann Nichols, who loves nothing so much as covering her back with expensive furs, and Lee Shubert, always glad to be taken for a Jap. You recognize Arthur Hammerstein, who finds his famous father's hat a bit too big, and Morrie Gest showing his "Moscow puppets." All the producers are there. See how many of them you know

At Last an Intimate Opera-House

The Opera Players Inaugurate a New Era in Opera Where Art and Not Fashion Shall Be the Thing

By RICHARD SAVAGE



© Underwood
ENRICA DILLON
Founder and general director of the Opera Players

AN intimate opera-house! How many articles have been written urging its construction! How many music lovers have bewailed the fact that the Metropolitan's auditorium is ridiculously unsuited to the production of many of the works it houses! And up to now both articles and wails have been in vain. But now without the slightest flourish of trumpets, with scarcely a mention of the fact that such a theatre was even contemplated, one has been constructed and is about to open its doors. The name of the new house is the Grove Street Theatre, and it is the third of a triumvirate of intimate theatres erected in recent years in Greenwich Village, the others being of course the Greenwich Village Theatre and the Cherry Lane Theatre. Unlike either of these theatres, the Grove Street playhouse is, however, to be devoted exclusively to the production of opera and will be dedicated by the presentation of Rutland Broughton's *The Immortal Hour*, a work which has had an extraordinary success in England.

Like all artistic movements which are worth while, the Grove Street Theatre is the outcome of a dream long harbored, and the dreamer in this case was Miss Enrica Clay Dillon, an American soprano who before the War was well known in the opera-houses in Italy, but who for the last ten years has been working on the scheme which has now come to fruition. Miss Dillon's organization is known as The Opera Players, and the theatre has been erected especially for it by a group of men and women who are sympathetic with the idea. The theatre, though seating only two hundred and ninety-nine people, is splendidly equipped, its stage being unusually deep and high and its lighting plant the equal of any playhouse in New York. An unusual feature of the little theatre is the gallery, which is fitted with tables at which patrons can sit and drink—at present, alas, only soft beverages—while they at the same time listen to the opera on the stage. For the present only three works are in rehearsal—*The Immortal Hour*, a fantasy on Humperdinck's *Königskinder*, and another opera not yet announced.

THE Opera Players have no backing outside that given by the members of the organization itself. Capital enough for the first three operas is at hand, the productions are ready and so are the artists—the rest is in the hands of the music public of New York. The organization is no gathering of amateurs. Every member of the

company has had professional experience either in opera or in the drama, and most of the members have been coaching for several seasons with Miss Dillon. The preliminary rehearsals have been held in the basement of a West End Avenue apartment house, and there the Players have already



The Grove Street Theatre—the first intimate opera-house in America—recently opened with the presentation of Broughton's *The Immortal Hour*

given a series of private performances. Those who have been fortunate enough to attend have come away enthusiastic regarding the work of the artists.

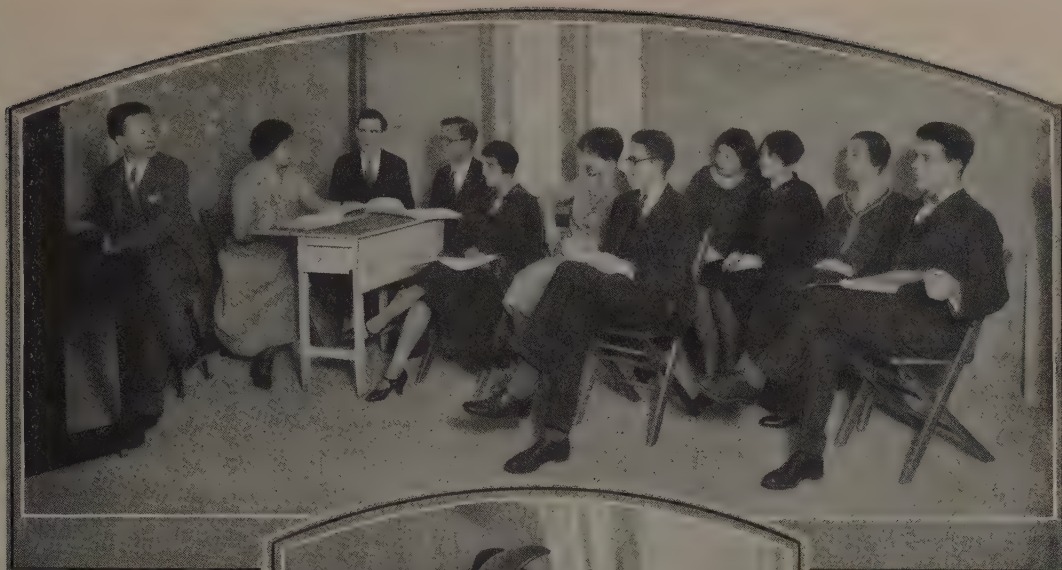
While each member of the company is an accomplished singer, the size of the auditorium does not require voices of the power needed for an opera-house like the Metropolitan. There are in the country to-day many artists fully the equals of those at the Metropolitan who yet are unable to appear in that theatre simply because their voices, though beautiful in themselves, have not the volume necessary for the great spaces of that house. These artists will at last find a home for their talent in the Grove Street Theatre. It is Miss Dillon's intention to emphasize the dramatic quality of the performances and the semaphoric acting of the average operatic star will be severely frowned upon. Moreover, the intimate proportions of the auditorium will permit the attention to detail which would be useless in a huge opera-house, where the effects must be broad in order to be seen. Such an opera, for instance, as *Così fan tutti* loses half its charm in the vast spaces of the

Metropolitan, and the same is the case with a work like *Pelléas et Mélisande* and even with *Carmen* and *Madama Butterfly*. Operas such as these will find in the Grove Street Theatre a home ideally suited to their spirit, and we may well look forward to seeing them in such surroundings. Such intimate theatres are common on the continent of Europe and especially in Germany, but this is the first time that an American theatre of this style has been attempted. If successful, it will mean much to the future of opera in America.

Miss Dillon's dream of such a theatre dates back to her childhood in California, where at the age of eight she rigged up a theatre in the basement of her father's house. Later her father built for her a real theatre in the large ranch-house he constructed, and by the time she was fourteen she had given performances with her amateur company, which were famous throughout the locality. It was at this time that she heard her first grand opera, given, it is true, by a third-rate traveling company, but which none the less changed the whole course of her life. She then set to work to study seriously, and after appearing with the Aborn Opera Company in principal rôles she went to Italy, where she sang with success up to the outbreak of the War. On her return to America she at once set about training young artists for the theatre which was her dream.

The Immortal Hour was first performed in England by the Glastonbury Players in August, 1914, and after the War was presented for a long run in London, being revived for another run during the present season. The critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Robin Legge, wrote of its first performance: "The whole range of operatic literature can show us nothing more deeply moving, nothing more dignified, nothing more sincere—a concentrated beauty unlike anything else in modern music drama." The libretto to which Mr. Broughton wrote the music is arranged from a play by Fiona Macleod and is based on an old Celtic legend. A notable feature of the score is the employment of a number of old folk-songs.

SUPPORTING Miss Dillon in the undertaking are the following active officers: William H. Woolverton, secretary; Sidney Clark, business manager; Susan Hawley Davis, vice-president, and Joyce Bordon and Gerald Reynolds. The advisory board includes Deems Taylor, Lucrezia Bori, Paul Althouse, Jane Cowl, Lucille La Verne, George Fischer, Nathan Godfrey, Helen Menken, Owen Huntsman, John W. Garrett, Minette Hirst, Alexander Low, Fiske Kimball, Emma Mills, Arthur Nason, William Lyon Phelps, Mrs. J. Emmet Richards, Jessie Spalding, Marie Sundelius and Mrs. Reinald Wernath.



Apeda

A piano rehearsal
of the Opera
Players, under
Miss Dillon's di-
rection



Miss Joyce Borden
and Dail Cox in a
scene from *The Im-
mortal Hour*, the in-
itial offering at the
Grove Street Theatre

The auditorium of
New York's only in-
timate opera-house



Apeda

OPERA NO LONGER A PLAYTHING FOR THE RICH

New intimate house on Grove Street brings to fruition a singer's lifelong dream

The Play That Is Talked About



Act II—Bemis (Thomas Mitchell) is carried back to his childhood and his forgotten circus days

The Wisdom Tooth

Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts by Marc Connelly

THE name of Marc Connelly is generally connected with that of George S. Kaufman since, for many years, the two formed a play-writing partnership which produced many admirable plays, one of which was "The Beggar on Horseback." "The Wisdom Tooth" is the first play which Marc Connelly, working alone, has offered to the public. The story of the search for individuality by a being who possessed no opinions of his own, is a delightful mixture of comedy and fantasy. The reproduction that follows is published by permission of the author and the producer.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Little Theatre, Feb. 15, 1926)

Carter	Stuart Brown
Sparrow	William Foran
Knox	Royal C. Stout
Bemis	Thomas Mitchell
Mr. Porter	Malcolm Williams
A Woman Patient	Georgia Prentice
Her Friend	Ellenor Kennedy
A Man Patient	William Wadsworth
A Second Man Patient	Robert Lawler
Farraday	Charles Laite
Mrs. Poole	Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Farraday	Madelaine Barr
Sally Field	Mary Philips
Katy	Ellenor Kennedy
Kellogg	Hugh O'Connell
Fry	Robert Lawler
Lalita	Patricia Barclay
Grandpa	Mark Sullivan
Grandma	Marion Ballou
A Circus Owner	Jefferson Lloyd
His Partner	William Wadsworth
Porky	Eddie Quinn
Everett	Hugh O'Connell
First Clown	Stuart Brown
Second Clown	Robert Lawler
Animal Trainer	William Foran
A Circus Lady	Georgia Prentice
Mildred	Lenora Philips

THE rising curtain discloses a washroom with Carter and Sparrow, two clerks in the office of Mr. Porter, stealing a smoke. The talk shifts from the reckoning of a \$16 office baseball pool, which Bemis, the senior clerk, has just won, to the discharge of a new stenographer, whom the office have nicknamed the duchess because of her regal looks. Bemis

enters, announcing that he has a toothache and is going to the dentist. He is advised by both where the best dentist in New York is located and also that Mr. Porter has discharged the duchess. BEMIS: You know, he has no right to do a thing like that. I'd like to tell him so, too.

CARTER: Why don't you? Why don't you walk right into the board room and say, "Look here, gentlemen, I move we kick the president of the company right in the seat of the pants out of here?"

BEMIS: Well, I wouldn't be surprised if I *did* tell him. In fact, I think the next time I see him, I *will* tell him. Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?

CARTER: All right, *that's* taken care of. Come on. We mustn't steal our dear employer's time.

Mr. Porter enters and the three immediately lose their front.

PORTER: Mr. Jackson tells me you're ill, Bemis. Is it anything serious?

BEMIS: Why— (*He hesitates.*)

PORTER: I say, is it anything serious?

BEMIS: No, sir. It's just a tooth.

Porter departs, after asking Bemis if he has a good dentist and advises him where a good dentist can be found. Sparrow and Carter kid Bemis about how he stood up to the boss. Bemis replies that he changed his mind.

BEMIS: Why shouldn't I change my mind? Think I want to go out on my ear? I've been working here seven years, and this job's my bread and butter. A guy like me can't take chances like that. Why, if every clerk in New York came out and said what he thought to a

boss when the boss did something he didn't like, why there wouldn't be any of us with jobs. You've got to watch your step. I know I've got to watch *mine*.

And Bemis goes off to his dentist.

The second scene is laid in the dentist's reception-room. The first third of this scene is done in pantomime. There are two ladies, apparently together, when the curtain rises. Two gentlemen follow, singly, and there is the usual selection of reading matter and maneuvering customary to dentists' offices. Bemis enters and selects as his reading matter a fairy book which he finds in the bookcase. The man he is sitting near notices the subject of the book, and the conversation begins on the subject of fairies. Bemis recalls reading an article in which he mentions that fairies have actually been photographed.

FIRST MAN: What magazine?

BEMIS: I don't know—one of the thirty-five-cent magazines. *Cosmopolitan*—maybe. I'm not kidding.

FIRST MAN: This guy claimed that they were on-the-level photographs?

BEMIS: Sure.

FIRST MAN: Science is wonderful.

BEMIS: Don't you think it is a nice idea, though? I had a grandmother who believed in them.

FIRST MAN: She must have been cuckoo.

By this time the attention of the other patients have been aroused, and the two men take turns in guying Bemis until in sheer desperation he catches up his hat and flees from the office, much to the amusement of the ladies.

The third scene is laid in the parlor of Mrs.



Florence Vandamm

ALPHONZ ETHIER

Few men are better fitted physically to play the ferocious Neri in *The Jest* than this actor, the son of a United States Army officer. His first appearance in New York was with Mrs. Lemoyne in *The Greatest Thing in the World*. Later he acted the title rôle in *Ben-Hur*, which he played eight seasons. When Lionel Barrymore fell ill during the run of *The Jest*, Mr. Ethier succeeded him

(Below)

LOUIS CALHERN

Whose work in *Cobra* two seasons ago marked him as a finished actor, supported Doris Kean in *The Czarina*. In New York he played in *Roger Bloomer*, *The Song-and-Dance Man* with George M. Cohan and with Laurette Taylor in *In a Garden*. He last attracted attention by his fine performance of Lovborg in *Hedda Gabler*



Nicholas Haz

CLAUDE COOPER

The outstanding performance in Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* was that of this comedian as "Joxer" Daly, the whisky-soaked, treacherous, ranting bum. Born of theatrical parents, Mr. Cooper has played no fewer than 524 rôles, all character parts. Other plays in which he was seen were *The Monkey's Paw*, *Up the Ladder*, *The Shame Woman*, *My Son*, and *The Mud Turtle*



White

MARY PHILLIPS (left)

Five years ago this young actress was a chorus girl. When Ina Claire played in *Grounds for Divorce*, Miss Phillips was her understudy. This season came her first real chance in *The Wisdom Tooth*

LOUISE RANDOLPH (right)

After a long absence from the stage, this versatile actress has returned to Broadway to play in *Juno and the Paycock*, in which she gives an unforgettable performance as the Irish wife and mother. She was previously identified with *The Easiest Way* and *The Only Son*



White



White

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Players on Broadway who have recently attracted favorable attention

Poole's boarding-house. It is the atmosphere of the West Seventies. The hour is about seven and everyone to-night seems late for dinner. Farraday and his wife are going in to dinner. He stops to phone and Mrs. Farraday goes into the dining-room and Sally Field comes out, not having an appetite sufficient to the menu. Farraday and Sally talk about Bemis.

SALLY: I wonder what Bemis did about his tooth.

FARRADAY: What's the matter with it?

SALLY: It was bothering him when he left this morning.

FARRADAY: If he has it pulled it might wake him up a little.

SALLY: What? . . . I think he's all right.

FARRADAY: But not very bright, you'll admit.

SALLY: I don't admit anything of the kind.

Farraday maintains that Bemis is a copy of every other clerk in New York, that all his convictions are the convictions of the other fellow.

FARRADAY: What I mean is he has every aspect of the typical New York clerk. He looks like a clerk. He talks and thinks like a clerk. I have talked with him and observed him. . . . As a matter of fact, a day or so ago I placed him on a laboratory table and put him through a test that was rapid, I'll admit, but chemically correct. . . . I proved to any reasonable person's satisfaction that Bemis has virtually no convictions about anything and will willingly accept your statement that black is white if you give him enough idiotic reasons.

SALLY: How do you think you did it?

FARRADAY: There had been something in the morning papers about the French army. He remarked that Frenchmen made worse soldiers than Englishmen. Maybe it was the other way round. Anyway, I contradicted him with a few remarks utterly without logic or even sanity. By the time we reached the elevated he had an entirely opposite view-point to what he had had a minute before.

SALLY: Are you sure he wasn't merely being polite to a man who was saying something silly?

FARRADAY: No. He gave it quite a bit of thought. Then he said, "Mr. Farraday, you're absolutely right. I had an entirely wrong idea." He really had been *convinced*.

Bemis comes in and Farraday makes him express an opinion of President Coolidge.

BEMIS: Well, I don't think he's—intelligent.

FARRADAY: Of course, he is a man from a little farm, but so was Lincoln.

BEMIS: Yes, but look who Lincoln was.

FARRADAY: But Lincoln must have seemed like a hick to people like us when he was President.

BEMIS: Yes, that's true.

In a few minutes more Bemis has changed his view-point and is a strong supporter of the President. Farraday leaves and Sally has a serious talk with Bemis. She tells him that she likes him and sees another Bemis than the rest of the world sees. She lets him know that the world in general believes him to be a damn fool. She shows him how Farraday turns him from one opinion to another. She had hoped that the world would see him as she sees him.

BEMIS: I'm not just one person to you and somebody else to—

SALLY: But you are. To other people you *are* different. And I'm frightened for fear you're

going to be another person to me. You know, I love you, but don't you see what I've loved?

BEMIS: Just what you think's a damn fool.

SALLY: No. I fell in love with a gentle, simple boy, who worked as a clerk because he hadn't been ambitious to be a great man. . . . If they'd said you were dull, I'd have said, "All right. He isn't trying to be clever. I love him for that. . . . He's real."

BEMIS: I never pretended to be anything but what I am.

SALLY: Then, Charley, what do you think you are?

BEMIS: I'm a clerk. I ain't bright, but I'm not a fool either. . . . Wait a second. I do think like an individual. . . . They fired a stenogra-



Apeda

Act I—Bemis (Thomas Mitchell) receives sympathy from his kind-hearted landlady, Mrs. Poole (Kate Mayhew), while Sparrow (William Foran) amusingly annoys Mrs. Poole with his useless remarks

pher the other day. . . . I was talking it over with the other boys. We all agreed it was wrong. And when the boss happened to come along I was just on the point of telling him our opinion, when I *did* think. I saw if I wanted to keep on working I wouldn't butt in on something that wasn't my business. And I didn't. That was thinking, wasn't it?

Sally tries in vain to make Bemis see her point, but with no success. The other boarders come out of the dining-room and go out for the evening. When they are alone, Sally gets up to say good night.

SALLY: You want me to love you, don't you?

BEMIS: Certainly I do.

SALLY: Then you've got to let me love the only Charley Bemis I could love. Do I seem like a real person in your eyes, Charley?

BEMIS: Oh, God, yes.

SALLY: Then you want to seem real in mine.

BEMIS: But I thought I did.

SALLY: No, Charley. No matter what you say quickly, you know that in your heart you're not a man right now. And you could save nine hundred thousand dollars and be president of the company yourself and you wouldn't be any more than you are now.

BEMIS: What's that?

SALLY: Just a carbon copy of everyone else.

Sally goes out and Bemis sits staring at the fire.

BEMIS: People always respected me. Nobody ever told me before that they didn't. When my grandpa and grandma were living they respected me. If they were alive they would show her that I ain't just a carbon copy.

Bemis cries out for the aid of his grandparents in proving to Sally that he is an individual, and the rear door slowly opens and in come grandma and grandpa as the curtain falls.

* * * * *

THE curtain of the second act rises on the same picture presented at the end of the

first act. Bemis turns from the fireplace and discovers his grandparents and a fairy to whom he gives the name of Lalita. He is overjoyed at their arrival. BEMIS: Tell me, first of all, ain't I just the way I always was?

GRANDMA: Why, of course you are.

GRANDPA: I think you're just what you always were. You are about the finest boy I ever saw in my life.

GRANDMA: You're the best boy anyone ever saw.

LALITA: You were the nicest mortal I'd ever want to see.

Bemis enlists their aid in convincing Sally that he is just the same and calls Sally. Grandma tells her of several incidents of Skeeter's (Bemis' boyhood nickname) bravery and resourcefulness, and Sally is won over to their admiration of him. Plans are made for the stay of his grandparents, and Lalita is sent with Katy, the servant of the house, to change her fairy garments for more substantial apparel. Sally calls Farraday to convince him that she had seen the real Bemis. Farraday persists that he is not wrong; that what Bemis was at twelve years old is of no account. Grandma criticizes Farraday for speaking that way about the President of the United States, for the Skeeter she knew was growing up to be the President. The grandparents are disappointed to find out that he is not a President. Bemis explains that he is a clerk and a senior clerk at that.

GRANDPA: What do you think of that for a boy who didn't start goin' to school till he was eight years old!

FARRADAY: I think just what I've always thought. He doesn't dare call his soul his own.

BEMIS: Yes, I do.

GRANDMA: If I was you, I'd apologize to him for saying that.

FARRADAY: I'll be glad to if he can change my opinion.

GRANDPA: There Skeeter—there's your chance. Now just listen, everybody.

FARRADAY (after a pause): Well, I'm waiting, Bemis.

GRANDPA: Go after him, Skeeter.

FARRADAY: He can't. (Lalita, who has been standing near Bemis, hides from him.) He has no mind of his own.

SALLY: Tell him it isn't so—tell him he lies.

FARRADAY: You have no mind, have you, Bemis? And you're afraid of New York. That's why you had to bring these old people to help you, isn't it?

BEMIS: That isn't so, is it, Grandma and

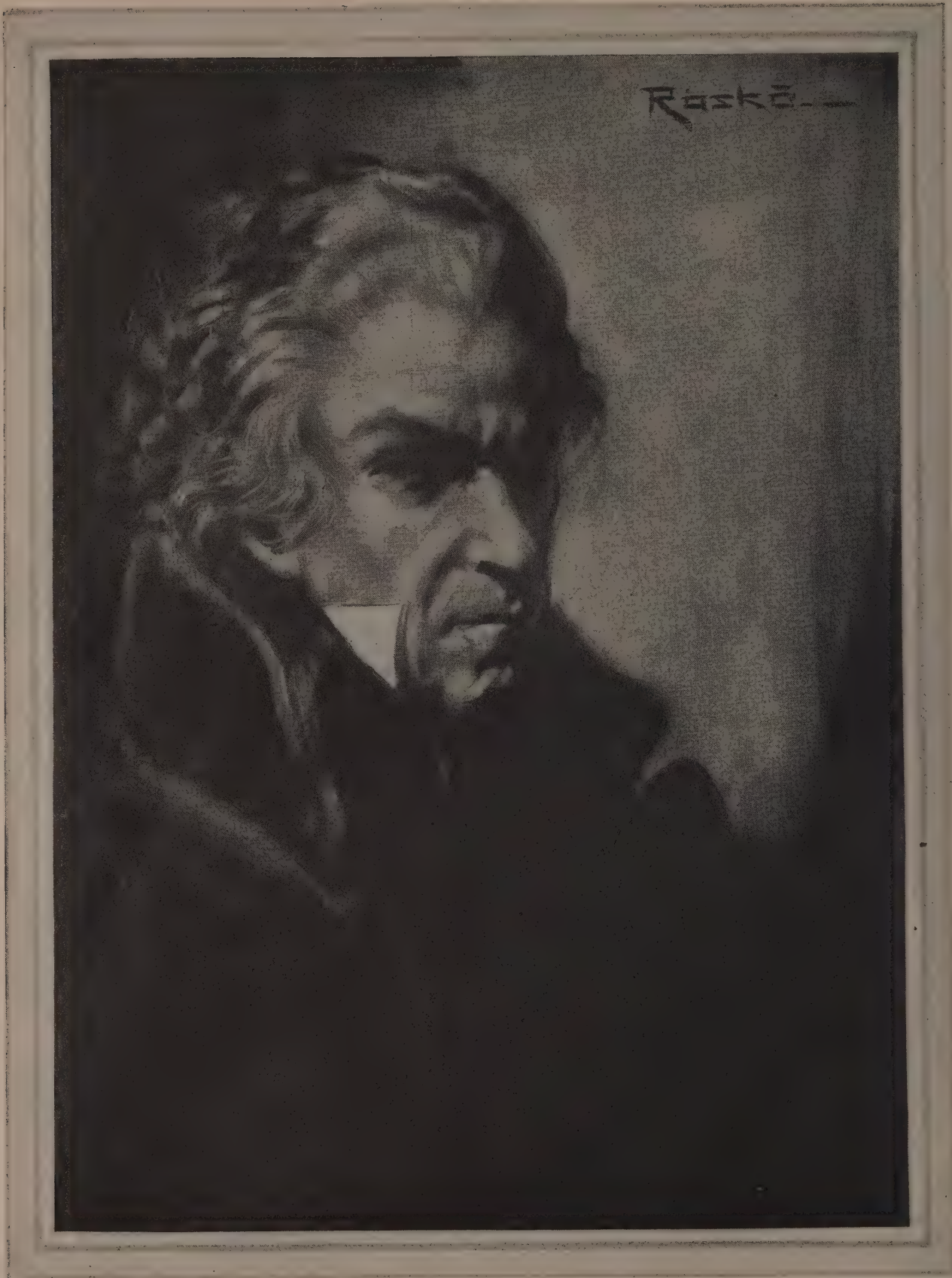
(Continued on page 52)



Wide World Studio

FRANCINE LARRIMORE IN "THE DUCHESS OF ELBA"

This play by Rudolph Lothar, adapted by Avery Hopwood from the French, will be among Gilbert Miller's important Broadway offerings early next season. The comedy, which was recently tried out in other cities and is now running in Chicago, tells of the intrigues surrounding the escape of Napoleon from the island of Elba, Miss Larrimore playing the part of a grocer's wife whose political and social ambitions involve her in a series of compromising and highly amusing situations



ROLLO LLOYD

As Mathias in "The Bells" at the Nora Bayes Theatre this player, in a performance which had all the intensity and none of the mannerisms of the late Sir Henry Irving, revealed himself a well-trained actor of sincerity and force

(From a painting by Rasko)

The Theatre Repeats Itself

How Our Playgoing Ancestors Grappled With the Problems That Beset Us To-day

By LORING HOLMES DODD

SHAKESPEARE received five pounds for *Hamlet*. That was just about market-price for a play in his day. Anne Nichols is reported to have made—the report is entirely credible—more than a million dollars from *Abie's Irish Rose*. Barrie and Shaw have raised themselves from the poverty of their boyhood to be the richest men in England. When Barrie plans his Summer vacation, it is not a cottage he hires but the entire estate, castle, park and shooting demesne of a Lord Wemyss. Happily, Shakespeare died a prosperous gentleman, but it was as manager of a playhouse not at all as playwright. This difference in the earning power of the dramatist is the most outstanding of the contrasts between the theatre three hundred years ago and now. But, for the most part, observe what a repetitious jade history is, quite as much in the theatre as in politics.

Last Winter a friend leaned across the aisle and complained to me of the candy-boy who hawked his wares raucously up and down between acts. Perhaps he supposed that as dramatic critic for the moment of a local paper I might use my influence with the manager to abate the nuisance. He did not realize that the custom is centuries old. Had he lived in the era of Shakespeare or Restoration times there would still have been a candy-boy. Only the candy-boy then wore skirts and was called an orange girl. What is worse, her number was not one but eight. This small army bawled not candy and not merely oranges, but apples, peaches, nuts and cakes, tea and coffee, ale and beer, prologues, epilogues and—programs. A fact, programs were sold then! I hesitate to mention it lest some commercial eye note it and we are deprived of the only gratuity, except water, our theatre now offers.

TO this list of vendibles I add climactically snuff. If my friend finds the candy-boy objectionable, what would have been his anguish at the sale of a commodity which meant inevitably the precipitation of the sneeze on the back of his neck. Of course your dweller in those earlier days was a scientific ignoramus, entirely innocent of the existence of the ubiquitous and microscopic germ. He would therefore have experienced no more than an epidermal discomfort and irritation from foreign moisture.

Again, it is often taken as an evidence of our declining, if not already decadent, civilization that on the opening night of a play the price of a ticket soars to ten, twelve or even twenty dollars. A part of the extortion is due to the management, a part to the parasitic speculator. What is still more discouraging, there are not a few people who are not merely willing but apparently anxious to part with their money at this rate. Now note—I mean, let the layman note but not the commercial manager,

who will herein find precedent for his wickedness. Always on first nights the Elizabethan or Restoration manager himself doubled the price of admission. He likewise furnished his patrons with a frequent change of bill!

BEYOND any other, this is the play-reading age. If on the one hand Broadway scorns to send plays to the hinterland, the hinterland in its turn is often familiar with them through the printed page even before Broadway sees them. The dramatist no longer has a dread that his play, printed, may be pirated. Under the ægis of an effective copyright law, he knows that the printed play is one of his very best means of advertising. College courses in the drama, the Drama League, community groups have so fostered the habit of play-reading that the printed play is now an important part of every publisher's output. Dramatists have even modified the once dull stage directions to meet the reader's interest, and a Barrie has made them literature. Yet, after all, this is not exclusively the play-reading age. Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists to the pittance gained from the writing of a play might by way of consolation add the pittance to be gained from its publication. Naturally they did not refuse it. As an illustration, in 1633 forty thousand play-books were sold!

Despite the small rewards for dramatic composition then, there was no dearth of playwrights. Any more than there is now, when profits from a single long-run play are such that all the world is busy play-writing. Who has not written his play? Confess now, reader, isn't there a play tucked away in the back of some desk drawer, which you have never had the courage to send out—or to send out again? We thought so. Play-writing is a national, an international fever. It has infected even the actors. As it did the histrions of that elder time. They, too, had, in the words of a contemporary, "the Itching Leprosy of Scribbling." They, too, exactly like their successors of the present, had their plays produced. But did you ever hear of a great actor who was also a great playwright? Then let that be a warning to those who aspire beyond mediocrity. For in the long history of the drama no man has been at once great actor and great playwright. It is a law of life that one must choose the single master whom he will serve. It is not given humans to be two things supremely. Pinero was actor in the same minor degree as Shakespeare. His brief apprenticeship served but to give surer direction to his pen. So with Eugene O'Neill. Barrie, Shaw and Galsworthy have never acted at all.

But a restless nobility, in the days of the wilful Elizabeth and the wayward Charles, acted, sought the stage as diversion, had a

momentary ambition for the actor's career. This is exactly what restless society folk are doing now. Then it was announced that there would appear in a forthcoming production "a gentleman," "a young gentleman" or "a young lady." So public curiosity was piqued. It is piqued in the same way to-day by the newspaper announcement that the understudy for the star is a débutante from Washington society or that the new juvenile need do nothing more, if he wished, than inherit his father's millions. Professional actors then directed plays at court and castle. Increasingly they are doing the same thing now for affluent amateur organizations. After all, things don't change much on this spinning globe of ours, do they?

Take the tax on theatre tickets, which the World War imposed. In the cost of theatregoing it is by no means a negligible item. It is in fact a deterrent against frequent attendance, and where a family is large it amounts to a prohibition. Its continued imposition is justly resented as implying that the theatre is a luxury. Whereas actually the theatre is as much a spiritual necessity in the well-being of a people as literature or any other of the arts. Only in Boston thus far has this been recognized, and the New Repertory Theatre, as akin to school and library and church in educational advantages, goes tax exempt. Your Anglo-Saxon has always taken even his finer pleasures with a troubled conscience. When reluctantly he has granted permission, he has still censored or taxed. Not at all surprisingly then one discovers that the ancient Lord Mayors and Councilmen of London, adjudging money as wastefully expended in the seeing of plays, regularly imposed a tax on theatres. The poor and the hospitals were the beneficiaries. So were the unworthy made to contribute to the support of the worthy, it was declared in the very promulgation of the tax.

To-day circulars are distributed to an audience, announcing the next or succeeding productions. This they did then by oral announcement before the curtain, a method which The Theatre Guild and Little Theatres generally are once more making the fashion. Then as now they complained of the high cost of costumes, of the rising costs of production. There were the perennial antagonisms between playwrights and managers, between managers and actors. But the most striking parallel of all in conditions old and new lies in the theatre's dread of competitive amusements. To-day this bogie is in the movie.

BUT the theatre of Shakespeare and especially the theatre of Wycherly and Congreve had a movie to dread also. It was the puppet-show. It possessed many of the movie's advantages and all of its popularity.
(Continued on page 64)

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORNETTE



MARJORIE RAMBEAU

X QUANTITY of the stage. *Ignis fatuus* of the boards. The will-o'-the-wisp of the theatre.

Marjorie Rambeau herself confesses that she is never sure what she will do next.

Arch, moody, laughing, frowning, alternately snapping her tapering fingers or caressing with her pink palms, vehement, volatile, a zephyr from the South Seas or a whirlwind from the North, she is never commonplace. She knows not monotony.

She is capable of vast irritations, but incapable of boredom.

There is no thin-lipped, modern calculation in her. She signed away the fortune she had accumulated in the years between barnstorming and Broadway stardom with a flip of careless fingers.

She is impatient of restraint. There is the gleam of a wild thing of the forest in her eyes. One sees their light shining through the silver spaces between green leaves. The puma, the panther, the tiger. A thing that stretches itself in the sun and purrs and leaps. Something playful, yet with potentialities of savagery. So I see Marjorie Rambeau's ego.

In her art the elements of nature are chained, controlled, guided to the nicety of intricate machinery. We feel the power of her held to one-tenth of its expression. It is that sense of boundless power held in small compass that caused one of the most bilious of critics to cry of her, "What a gorgeous actress!"

X quantity Marjorie Rambeau with the almost too powerful X-ray eyes.

At twelve she wore a boy's clothes and sold doughnuts of her mother's making at fifty cents the dozen to unsuspecting miners in Alaska. At thirteen and a half she slid down the banisters in a boarding-school in San Francisco, witnessing which feat a theatrical manager offered her and her mother an engagement, which they accepted. Now a Broadway star. What next? X stands for the unknown quantity. What is less computable than the future of an unknown quantity?

JAMES GLEASON

JAMES GLEASON, leaving their house at 118 East Thirty-eighth Street, bought with the royalties from his plays, *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy*, said to his Titian-haired wife, Lucille Webster, who is playing in *The Butter-and-Egg Man* around the corner from the Central, where he was appearing in his own play, "Wait a minute."

His wife watched him go back and toss another log into the open fireplace. "That wasn't necessary, darling," she said. He

sent her one of the saucy quirks of the eye he gives to his partner in *Is Zat So?* "But I like to think of its burning here while we are away," he answered.

That's Jimmy Gleason. Incurably domestic. In the lean, preparatory days that preceded the present era of plumpness—with a play in its second year in New York and the same play swung into the swift current of a London success—he loved a corner, be it ever so humble, that he might call home. It might be a one-night-stand hotel room. It might be the fifth story of a "walk-up," or the basement, but aided and abetted by Mrs. Gleason, it took on the feel and the aspect of a home. He converted the dark back yard of an East Fifty-second Street house into a thing of bloom and beauty. That long, between-seasons Summer in New York the pair and their handsome, fast-growing son, Russell, ate three meals a day and loafed beneath the sun and slept on swung hammocks in that couldn't-be-done-but-was converted back yard.

A swift ascent to the zenith of prosperity chills and contracts some persons. Making that ascent warmed and expanded Jimmy Gleason. He welcomes new friends, but he cleaves with bearlike hugs to the old. He is grateful for his success, humbly so. But he does not vaunt it.

Walking through room after room of his fine new home, sunning himself in the joy of its possession, he says: "It's good to inherit money, I suppose. But I'd rather earn mine."

One of the reasons why others rejoice in Jimmy Gleason's success is that he gives to everyone he knows the sincere flattery of remembering him.

"Hello! Glad to see you," he says to someone he has not seen for twelve years. "How's your grandmother? Do you still have that gray-striped cat that boxed?"

He believes that the first thought on awakening is the best. That is the clear, mental flash, unfogged by the day's distractions, undisturbed by its cross currents. *Is Zat So?* is the result of coffee-room chat at the Lambs', repeated to his wife when he got home, recurring simultaneously to them at the moment of awaking, and acted by them and their friend and the wife of the friend who helped to write it.

Because his thoughts and his movements are rapid, his family calls this likable Irishman, removed but by one generation from the emerald sod of the other country, "Hop-pity Scotch." His wife is not Lucille to him but "Pinkie." In the watch he gave her he caused to be engraved in the case:

"Soft and pink,
Fat and fair,
Good and sweet and clinging."

A lover after twenty years of marriage. A lonely lover in London, who cables when three days out from New York:

"I don't see why you can't follow me."

MARGALO GILLMORE

A THREE-and-a-half-year-old child stood on the deck of an America-going steamer at Southampton.

"Wave good-bye to grandma," she was admonished.

She has that memory, the only one, of a woman who held her handkerchief before her face because she was weeping. That is Margalo Gillmore's recollection of her famous grandmother. Emily Thorne was one of a line of actors of whom the golden-haired young woman, who played Venice in *The Green Hat*, is the fourth.

"Are you conscious when you walk upon the stage of the help of a great-grandfather, a grandmother and a father who were players?" I asked Miss Gillmore.

"Not a bit. Not the tiniest bit," she answered earnestly. "But I have always believed that in some time of great stress, a giant emergency, when my own strength fails, the heredity may save me."

"Such time as——" I prompted.

"A time when, confronted by disaster, I don't know what to do. I can fancy advisory whisperings in the blood at such a time."

Margalo Gillmore was born in London and thinks the deep-struck roots of her love for, and pride in, her family are English characteristics. Her father, Executive Secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, she regards as a crusader in shining panoply. Her mother, who was Laura McGilvray, the loveliest of all mothers; her sister Ruth, the sweetest of all sisters.

"If one of them were in jail, I should still be proud of him or her. I should think he or she were there for a great cause, wearing the chains of a martyr," she affirms.

Yet there's the social leaven of the opportunist in her, too, for Robert Hilliard in merry mood at the Lambs' relates that small Margalo at Siasconset, the actors' Summer colony, having heard him say his mother wouldn't permit him to smoke, whispered eagerly: "Throw away the cigarette and look good. There comes your mother." The "mother" was Mrs. Robert Hilliard.

Venice, blonde and youthful, whose great, tearing sobs turn any blitheness that may survive in your spirit into wretchedness in the last act of *The Green Hat*, has an unusually firm facial foundation. That strong, forethrust chin betokens a will none other than her own.

"I hope I am not stubborn. But I have determination," she said by way of excuse for the prowlike chin that thrusts itself from the soft prettiness of her blonde young face.





The amusing funeral scene, perhaps the high spot of the play's effectiveness, in which Mr. Dos Passos emphasizes with jazz and the Charleston the often gay despair that seizes the semi-professional funeralgoer



In the back yard of a big city's canyon one finds the haunt of the Garbage Man, as Mr. Dos Passos nominates the angel Death. There swirl the activities, pleasures, despairs and decayings of pitiful, reaching-out humans, calling for things they do not themselves understand

The telescope man, who offers far visions for five cents, berates a world that will have none of his magic glass, while about him roves the human flotsam and jetsam of night life in New York



"THE MOON IS A GONG" AN AMUSING SATIRE ON LIFE

John Dos Passos' bizarre and interesting play a novel example of experimental drama

Chaliapin Sings Don Quixote and a New Opera House Fumbles With a New Opera

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THERE are opera singers, operatic artists, and there is Feodor Chaliapin. The number of the first is legion, of the second there is a handful, but of Chaliapins there is only one. Since the departure of Maurice Renaud, no figure has appeared on the New York opera stage comparable to the great Russian bass, and Renaud had no such personal following. Indeed it would be necessary to go back to the days of Jean de Reszké and Victor Maurel to find personalities who appealed to the imagination of the operatic public with the same force that Chaliapin does to-day. There have been great voices like that of Enrico Caruso, and there have been personalities interesting or charming like Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar, but the imaginative splendor and power of Chaliapin were quite beyond them. Where they were singers or dramatic interpreters, Chaliapin is a creator under whose magic a work takes on new meaning and new life. There is to-day not a single composer who seems likely to give to the art of opera a rebirth. Everyone seems engaged either in rehashing the things which have been done infinitely better by a Wagner or a Verdi or in astonishing by feats of mere technical prowess. As far as musical creation is concerned, the world is in the doldrums. And so it is that a figure like that of Chaliapin is to us to-day of peculiar significance, the one escape the operatic stage offers from the shackles of mediocrity.

A SPLENDID example of the genius of the great Russian was in evidence during the last weeks of the season at the Metropolitan. The opera was Massenet's *Don Quixote*, and Chaliapin was the Don. Of all the works of "Mademoiselle Wagner," as Massenet has been ironically called, *Don Quixote* is musically one of the least inspired. In the score there isn't a bar of music worth remembering, not a phrase which has not been palpably manufactured. In the aging composer the spring of melody had long run dry, and to take its place there had been absolutely nothing. *Manon* and *Werther* had at least the charm of youth, but the talent of Jules Massenet was a talent which gathering years could only dull. The intellectual power and sincerity of a Verdi, which made possible an *Othello* and a *Falstaff* when the sap of youth had long since ceased to flow, Massenet did not possess. He possessed but one string to his lyre, the string of sensual youthful love, and when physically those days were gone, there remained to him nothing except his technical mastery and sense of the theatre.

The best that can be said for *Don Quixote* is that Massenet seemed to realize his powerlessness before the great masterpiece of Cervantes, and that he contented himself with writing music which, if it did not interpret, did not clutter up the action. He wrote the opera for Chaliapin, and confident that he had found a man who could visualize the Don music or no music, he allowed the genius of his interpreter to have full play. In short, we must look upon this particular *Don Quixote* rather as a drama with incidental music than upon it as a serious opera. So when we speak of

versal to us all. Whether in being overthrown by windmills, bandits or by death, he emerged always the conqueror. And always Feodor Chaliapin showed himself supreme, supreme as a comic actor, supreme as a spiritual force. It is by such performances as his that the stage asserts its right to live.

Though the evening was of course Mr. Chaliapin's, Mr. De Luca in his Sancho Panza proved an admirable and admirably self-effacing foil. The Italian barytone has done nothing better in his career than his impersonation of the greedy, faithful servant. Had the leading actor been any other than Chaliapin, his performance would have stood superbly forth. Even as it is, we shall not soon forget it nor the fact that within his compass Mr. De Luca is one of the finest artists on the operatic stage. The only other part of any importance was the Dulcinea of Miss Florence Easton. Miss Easton was unfortunately not the figure for the character, but she did her best, and succeeded in giving an adequate performance.

ANOTHER event of the month which might have been of interest was the opening of an intimate opera-house in Grove Street by an organization calling itself The Opera Players. New York has long needed such a house, for the vast spaces of the Metropolitan are ill suited to many of the finest works of the lyric repertory, and the little theatre proved itself ideal in physical requirements. But, alas, neither in the company nor in the nature of the initial offering was there marked reason for hope that the performances would equal the promises held forth. The singers were distinctly amateurs, and the opera, Rutland Broughton's *Immortal Hour*, tedious to a degree. Why this work should have so interested the British

public is an utter mystery. Founded on a story of Fiona Macleod's, the music succeeded in utterly destroying the original poetry of the words without giving anything to take its place. Only in one or two choruses was there the slightest touch of originality. The play itself was completely static, and the long monologues would have been intolerable even had they been sung by artists of the first rank. It goes to show that though in the drama American and British tastes are much alike, that in music we are utterly different races. The whole thing was a most unfortunate example of misdirected enthusiasm. We need badly just such an opera-house as the one in Grove Street, but such performances as the one of *The Immortal Hour* can only set back the day when it can come into vital being.



© Mishkin
Feodor Chaliapin (right) as Don Quixote and Giuseppe De Luca as Sancho Panza in Massenet's opera, *Don Quixote*, at the Metropolitan Opera House

Chaliapin's performance we ought to speak of it as the performance not of an opera singer, not even of an operatic artist, but of a singing actor. And what an actor! That first entrance of the Don on his spavined Rosinante! First we gasped at the wonder of his make-up, and the next moment we had forgotten the make-up as the spirit of the heroic madman shone through and overwhelmed us. Throughout the action we alternately laughed and suffered. Under Chaliapin's touch the Don became at once both ridiculous and sublime, at once the supreme fool and the supreme hero, a symbol of man's inalienable right to idiocy and of the unconquerable idealism without which man cannot live. And yet not a symbol either, for this Don was human too, as human as his faithful Sancho and as uni-



© Mishkin

LUCREZIA BORI

She has done nothing finer in her whole career than her impersonation of the unhappy heroine of *La Vida Breve*



© Mishkin

MARIO CHAMLEE

The golden quality of this young American's voice perhaps more closely resembles that of the late Enrico Caruso than does the voice of any other living tenor



© Mishkin

NANETTE GUILFORD

Who, as Ginevra in *Le Cena della Beffa*, proves that she is one of the most promising of younger American sopranos



© Mishkin

NINA MORGANA

American of Italian parentage whose voice and personality charm both in concert and in opera



N. Muray

HELEN TRAUBEL

Young American dramatic soprano who has proved that those who are fair to look upon are also sometimes good to hear



Apeda

MILDRED DILLING

A beautiful woman who plays a beautiful instrument is irresistible to concert audiences

THE MUSIC SEASON STILL BURNS BRIGHTLY

Where beauty joins hands with talent

(Below)

People have so long looked upon Michael Strange, the pen name of Mrs. John Barrymore, as an authoress with several volumes of poems to her credit and one play, *Clair de Lune*, which her husband and Ethel Barrymore acted in several years ago, that they forget she is also an actress. She is now playing the leading rôle in Strindberg's *Easter*



(Below)

Peggy Wood, the charming and sympathetic Candida of last year, and her poet and playwright husband, John V. A. Weaver, author of the poems, *In American*, and play, *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*. Roughing it at Buddy Brook Farm in North Stamford, Conn., is their way of forgetting Broadway and its lights



Goldberg

White

The vivacious Mitzi, whose new show, *Naughty Riquette*, brings the little star back to town, enjoying a cup of tea in her pretty suburban home in White Plains with her husband and leading man, Boyd Marshall



Wide World



Underwood & Underwood

The far-famed Palm Beach is not more famous than this Broadway quartette, snapped on its sands. Rudolf Friml is the happy composer of *The Vagabond King* music and Mary Eaton the blonde and gifted dancer seen recently with *Kid Boots*. Who so famous as Will Rogers? And Gene Buck—surely you know he writes lyrics for Ziegfeld



Martha Hedman has been away from the stage so long, people have almost forgotten her, but all will recall her performance in *The Boomerang* some years ago. She forsook the legitimate stage for vaudeville and now emerges as playwright of a new comedy, *What's the Big Idea*, which she wrote in collaboration with her husband, Henry Arthur House. She is also the producer of the play

THE PASSING SHOW

Intimate glimpses of prominent theatrical people on and off stage



Exterior of the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre, Chicago



THOMAS WOOD STEVENS
Director of the Goodman Theatre



CYRUS E. WILDER
Manager of the new playhouse

Chicago's New Repertory Theatre

Home of New Experimental Company Established for the Purpose of Creative Work

AN interesting development in the theatrical activity of the Middle West was the opening last Fall of Chicago's newest civic achievement—the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre, a very unusual, extremely beautiful house devoted to repertory and experimental drama.

Under the ægis of Thomas Wood Stevens, the well-known director, the new playhouse, a fitting memorial to the poet-playwright whose name it bears, should rank in importance with the Theatre Guild of New York, the Repertory Theatre of Boston and other leading art theatres of the country.

The purpose of the Chicago theatre is creative and experimental, it maintaining a permanent professional repertory company which produces some nine or ten plays during a season. Some of those recently seen there were *The Forest*, by Galsworthy; *Heartbreak House*, by Shaw; Dumas' romantic play, *The Tower of Nesle*; George Kaiser's impressionistic *Gas* and Molière's *Don Juan*. The repertory company includes such professionals as Eula Guy, who played opposite Louis Wol-

heim in *The Hairy Ape*; Taylor Holmes, who starred in *The Nervous Wreck*; Helen Forrest and Ellen Lowe, Howard Southgate, Hubbard Kirkpatrick, Neal Caldwell, Josef Lazarobici, Arvid Crandall, Russell Spindler.

The new house, facing the lake where South Parkway turns at Monroe Street to enter the loop, is a building of unique charm. Most of it being underground, only the entrance, a slender stone façade, is visible from the lake. A grand staircase leads down to a stone foyer, which encircles the auditorium, the walls of which are paneled in fumed oak. There are no longitudinal aisles, the European system of seating with side entrances into wide spaces

between the seats having been adopted by the architect, Howard Shaw. The house has a capacity of over seven hundred and fifty. Seats are sold for one dollar each, the direction hoping that in this way the theatre will become a popular civic institution.

The stage is larger than any in Chicago and more completely equipped. One hundred and sixty-five feet long and with a proscenium opening of thirty-seven feet, it offers unusual facilities for productions of a spectacular nature.

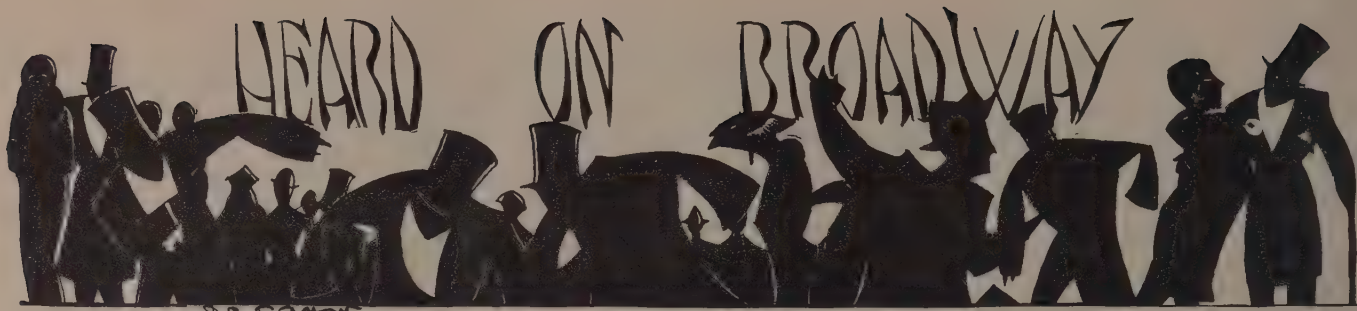
Another acting group in the Memorial Theatre, known as the Studio, consists of students in the dramatic department. While the repertory company plays on Thursday,

Friday and Saturday evenings, with a Friday matinée, the Studio group comprise the casts of the Studio productions and are chosen by competitive technical tests, never playing on repertory nights. They constitute another distinct program in the theatre and may only be called upon to assist in the repertory productions.

Redmond Flood, a professional of long experience, is directing some of the plays, and Cyrus E. Wilder is manager of this unique theatre.

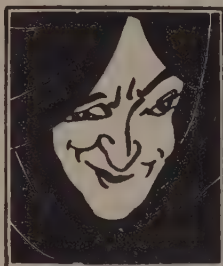


The stage of the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Theatre is larger than any in Chicago and more completely equipped



By L'Homme Qui Sait

RAQUEL MELLER had an unusual clause in her contract which placed upon the fortunate Mr. E. RAY GOETZ the not too simple obligation of defending her against the press. The hasty conclusion that this part of the contract was included to save her from the tedious interviewer on dress, love affairs, what she thinks of American men and women and jazz, is erroneous. The sensitive Latin lady honored her manager with a far more delicate compliment. Mr. Goetz was to accomplish the simple task of bringing all critical gentlemen who happened to be unfavorably impressed with the señorita immediately to their knees and make them "Los amigos" of "The Meller." Suggestions as to the means of accomplishing this will be gladly entertained by Señor Goetz.



I WAS surprised to see THEODORE DREISER up here in the land of the SHUBERTS, but then he may have just come from the offices of one of the film corporations who had just paid him ninety-five thousand dollars for the film rights to *An American Tragedy*, Dreiser's latest opus. Dreiser's attention seemed to be attracted to a building from which there came sounds of piano playing and a voice singing a popular song. Dreiser stood there quite a few minutes. Perhaps there were thoughts of Brother Paul running through his head and memories when he and Paul wrote "On the Banks of the Wabash." In the days when Theodore Dreiser was trying to write the things he liked—mostly unsalable—Paul was making fly and sly rhyme and helping Teddy.

"**S**OLD down the river" is the phrase used on Broadway for a literary gentleman who goes into the movie game and leaves the broad highway of the Shuberts for the more spicy boulevards of Hollywood. Among the most recent sales are HERMAN MANKIEWICZ, formerly dramatic critic of the *New York Times*; J. A. WEAVER, author of *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*; MARC CONNOLLY, author of *The Wisdom Tooth* and for a number of years a member of the firm of KAUFMAN & CONNOLLY, and EDWIN J. MAYER, author of the Cellini bedroom farce, *The Firebrand*.

GEOERGE JESSEL is spending most of his time when he can get away from banquets tendered in his honor and Sunday benefits for the relief of anything from starving babies to neglected poker players, trying to find out to which company's constellation he belongs. He has twinkled in the last three weeks for three film corporations, according to the press, and yet is no nearer being "shot" or even slightly wounded than he was several months ago when it was announced quite definitely he would be the chief player in a film called *The Cherry Tree*. In the meantime Georgie is turning them away in the *Jazz Singer* and ducking gentlemen with benefits to play.

BUSTER KEATON, ALICE LAKE and several others of Hollywood's cinema colony, having but a few days to spend vacationing in our village, hastened to the *Vanities* to see, of course, all that they could see. Which further proves that EARL CARROLL caters strictly to a family trade.

THE managers and playwrights are out of the trenches. The latest contract seems to be satisfactory to both. To ARTHUR RICHMAN should go most of the credit. He came through a great strategist.

LENORE ULRIC came to life after her violent death at the Belasco the other night, washed the face of LULU BELLE and went forth to play hostess to a large party of friends at the Ulric manor. Incidentally Ulric hospitality is a very rare vintage and only the very much favored in our town are permitted to sip of it. Lenore surrounds herself with the clever, the beautiful and with the excellent taste of a successful

hostess; she never forgets one or two of the socially damned—it starts anxious tongues wagging and the evening is off to success.

I SAW the charming CICELY COURTNEIDGE carrying a cage with a strange bird in it that looked like a Blue Jay or a Union Jack (my knowledge of ornithology is a bit shopworn), while behind her came her husband, JACK HULBERT, pushing a cart full of his personal belongings. The HULBERTS were moving and were practicing a bit of American efficiency. The Central Theatre, which is now housing the *By the Way Revue*, is but a block from the Gaiety, and so the frugal "hausfrau" Cicely thought she would save the family moving-van expenses. What if the governor, who has just returned to London, should have seen his wandering children?

AL JOLSON, next to his great love for appreciative audiences, loves horses. I asked Al the other day if he felt well enough to go out with *Big Boy* in the Fall. "Sure," said Al, "if I felt any better I'd lick JAKE SHUBERT. I've just had four great treatments. I picked four winners this week. That's what I call a tonic. The best medical minds money could buy failed me. All I needed was horse sense and a jockey."

IT was as inevitable as a Gilbert and Sullivan revival in Spring, tra-la, that ANITA LOOS' book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," should draw from the literary folks that do their profound reading at the N. V. A. Library a "gag" reaction. The best, I think, comes from the popular wag, PHIL BAKER—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—but blondes are not so particular."

THE annual Green Room Club revel this year made the Manhattan Opera House look like old home week. The Broadway celebrities that were not doing their "stuff" on the stage were in the audience applauding their colleagues back of the footlights. Those who helped make the revel a success were GEORGE JESSEL, LENORE ULRIC, SOPHIE TUCKER, JACK HULBERT, VINCENT LOPEZ, HELEN CHANDLER, MAX FIGMAN, DENNIS KING, the chorus from *The Vagabond King* and many more.

LEO CARILLO will establish a repertory theatre in Miami Beach next season. * * * MAX GORDON, of the very successful firm of Lewis and Gordon, has become general manager of the New York office of the Orpheum Circuit. * * * AL LEWIS will continue to produce. * * * MILT GROSS, whose "Nize Baby eats opp all the farina," has brought out a New Book which, fortunately for Milt, is selling very well. Milt Gross needs all the money he can get now to buy nice, nourishing farina for his own "Nize Baby," which arrived almost simultaneously with the publication of the new volume. * * * WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., has finally found a play. Let there be loud rejoicing on the Rialto. A Harris opus is one to which Bill can give something besides the use of his bank-account and an office staff. Witness *The Bad Man*, *Outward Bound*, *Abraham Lincoln*. The new play is by VINCENT LAWRENCE and is thus far known as *Sour Grapes*.

EQUITY had its annual get-together the other night. All the union members were present, including a few walking delegates from other locals. It was a huge success. The boys and girls sang their union song, "One for All," etc., and then went forth to the night clubs.

HENRY MILLER has been cast by the Great Director for a part in His Drama—*The Infinite*. He spent his span of life with us playing the noble rôles of artist and gentleman. He played his part well and now Curtain, Applause and Finis.

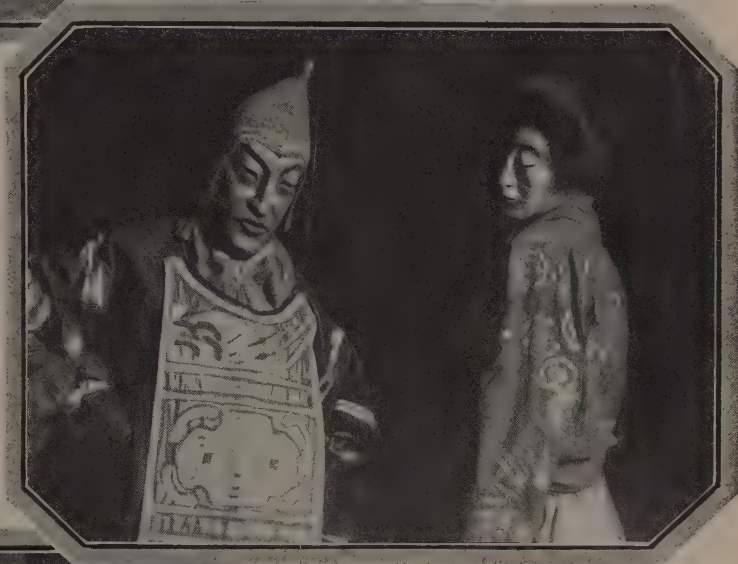
THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



THE GLOUCESTER LITTLE THEATRE PLAYERS PRESENT A JAPANESE NOH PLAY

SCENES from the Japanese Noh play, *The Cherry Blossom River*, adapted by Colin C. Clements and given its first production at the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. The play was done in the Japanese manner, and the interesting masks were executed by Hardie H. Albright, Director of Scenery and Lighting at the Gloucester School



A correction: In a previous issue, Mr. Colin C. Clements was mentioned as having been Director of the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre. Mr. Clements was a valued member of the staff of that organization for three years, but Mrs. Florence Evans and Mrs. Florence Cunningham have directed the School and the Theatre since their beginnings, seven years ago

Pasadena Community Playhouse, erected at a cost of \$400,000 through contributions from the Pasadena public, where the Playhouse has operated for eight years



The Little Theatre as a Laboratory

The Pasadena Community Playhouse Pioneers With Three Unusual Plays

THREE significant productions, two of them the first ever made and the third entirely new to the English language, all coming within a period of six weeks at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, have pointed the path to an enlarging field of Little Theatre endeavor of which the commercial stage may well take notice. For these productions are expected later to prove of inestimable value in the presentation of the same vehicles upon the chiefly-for-profit boards. Should the professional records of the respective three bear out the indications given in their amateur runs, the commercial manager will find he has available a trial horse for doubtful theatrical loads, of which he may most profitably avail himself in future. He can let some Little Theatre be the "dog" to ascertain public reaction to a given theatrical vehicle.

True, few Little Theatres are so well equipped as that at Pasadena; others are constantly improving their facilities. Utilizing the full facilities of the new Pasadena Community

Playhouse—one of the finest theatres of its size in the world—and the vast army of voluntary labor which the movement in that city has built up, Director Gilmor Brown, with his usual dramatic intelligence, is in a position to give adequate production to any play. Production which will fall but little, if any, short of the way the professional manager would do the same thing in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. And the Pasadena players are showing a willingness to experiment with

the doubtful children from the commercial pigeonhole.

THE three plays in which the possibilities of the Little Theatre as an experimental laboratory for the professional stage has been so strikingly demonstrated of late are an indication of the catholicity of taste which pervades the Pasadena Community Playhouse movement. They are, listed by order of production, *Pharaoh's Daughter*, a Biblical drama with which the Shuberts have been flirting for several years; *The Main Thing*, a Russian comedy by Nicolas N. Yevreinov, never before done in the English language, and *The Devil in the Cheese*, also an original, a fantastic comedy by Tom Cushing. The latter two were, to adopt a baseball term, "farmed out" to the Pasadena Community Players by the Theatre Guild of New York.

Pharaoh's Daughter is a drama in blank verse by Dr. Allison Gaw, of the English faculty of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, written in col-



Scene from *The Main Thing*, by Nicolas N. Yevreinov, given its first English-speaking stage production at Pasadena Community Playhouse. Unfortunately the illustration does not show Robert W. Sharpe's cleverly designed set in its entirety—the original scene having shown the actual stage around the set, carrying forward the play's idea that all life is acting

laboration with Mrs. Gaw. It first came to light in a playwrighting contest of the Pasadena Center, Drama League of America, and while it did not win first prize, was highly regarded as the most powerful, if perhaps not potentially the most "popular," offering submitted.

THAT same bugaboo—the question of popularity—dogged *Pharaoh's Daughter* wherever it went. Three times Margaret Anglin and the Shuberts took it under option, paying real money for the rights. But always, as it was spectacular and would be very expensive to produce, the question of popular appeal prevented presentation.

There steps in the amateur experimental laboratory—in this case the Pasadena Community Playhouse. *Pharaoh's Daughter*, brilliantly costumed through the voluntary efforts of more than two hundred women who worked a month in preparation of the costumes, staged largely through voluntary effort, acted by people many of whose names are high in picture annals but who are glad occasionally to take to the speaking stage for the experience; *Pharaoh's Daughter*—the doubtful case which could not be tried professionally because of the risk—broke all attendance records at the Playhouse.

THE life of Moses, in that gap which the Bible does not treat, between his advent in the bullrushes and his leading of his people out of bondage, forms the subject matter of *Pharaoh's Daughter*. Perhaps it does not sound a promising topic for popular appeal as it is set down here in so many words, but it proved an intensely dramatic portrayal of one of the most romantic episodes of all history. Poignant in its appeal to the emotions, thoroughly human for all of its stateliness, witty in spots, and always alive, Egypt lives again in *Pharaoh's Daughter*. Moses is presented as the accepted son of the daughter of the Pharaoh, the queen of the land; as heir to Egypt's throne, yet passionately renouncing it when the call of his blood, dramatically revealed to him, proves stronger than lure of power and riches, more powerful even than the real affection he entertains for his foster mother.

HELEN JEROME EDDY, star of many motion pictures, but probably prouder of her work in this stage vehicle than of any film she ever made, proved an inspiring *Pharaoh's Daughter*, dignified,

gracious, passionate. And for support there were found enough other volunteer, experienced actors that the possible amateurishness of minor parts passed all but unnoticed by all the Los Angeles critics who found a "strange fascination" in the Biblical drama.

Thus was the popularity of one doubtful theatrical venture proven by the cosmopolitan taste of the most cultivated and traveled populace of the West.

Perhaps a different verdict was recorded by the second experiment in this series at the theatrical laboratory, but at least a verdict was secured. Russian humor demands an even larger field than Southern Cali-

Founded on the principle that it is as easy to achieve the "illusion of happiness" in real life as upon the boards, *The Main Thing* centers about an all-too-human figure of the Manson or Stranger type of *The Servant in the House* or *The Third Floor Back*. Savior or crook—one does not know which at the last. But the fortune-teller with too many wives at least carried through his hypothesis that the Main Thing is to make life beautiful, interesting, joyous, even if one has to play it is, just as one might play the part in a stage drama.

The Main Thing, which has previously been done outside of Russia only in Italy and Germany—never before in the English

tongue—was presented with a forceful symbolism at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The sets were a stage within a stage, the ropes and lights of the real stage showing around and above the small counterfeit in which the action took place. Out of the audience came some of the players, especially at the climax, with their individual ideas of what, after all, may be the Main Thing, the consensus seeming to be that it is to ring down the curtain at the right time, after a beautiful and convincing performance—of life.

To this play, also, came voluntarily and delightedly, a host of trained stage people. George Fisher—again a motion-picture light of no small brilliance—found a congenial rôle in the central, mysterious, perhaps by no one thoroughly understood, central figure.

THIRD of the trio to which reference is here had, was as fantastic a comedy as ever impish brain conceived. Cushing's emphasis, in *The Devil in the Cheese*, is upon the instinctive, inevitable and usually true understanding of youth for life. To its interpretation he

brought merry quip and device. As tested in Pasadena, the Theatre Guild has here a medium which may well please audiences many and diverse, including those who find in it something beside mirth in the novelty of being admitted inside the heroine's head for a time.

HERE are three widely diverse plays to which the pioneers of the new art of the stage—the little theatres as exemplified by the splendid institution in Pasadena—can give form when the commercial manager hesitates to move. Their presentation in Pasadena is a first step toward the utilization of the Little Theatre as a valuable laboratory for the professional stage.



A corner of the patio courtyard of Pasadena Community Playhouse

fornia affords, it appeared, from which to draw enough attention for its commercial support. *The Main Thing*, hailed by the discerning as the most artistic of the three ventures contemplated here, proved from the box-office standpoint rather disappointing.

Yet it was an experiment to which the Pasadena Community Playhouse may long point with pride, whether or not the Theatre Guild goes ahead with the project of metropolitan production.

THE MAIN THING is an example of Yevreinov's pet fetish that the theatre must be brought in more intimate contact with the populace, that there must not be the sharp division of the footlights to keep them apart.

FASHIONS

AS INTRODUCED
BY CELEBRITIES
OF THE STAGE

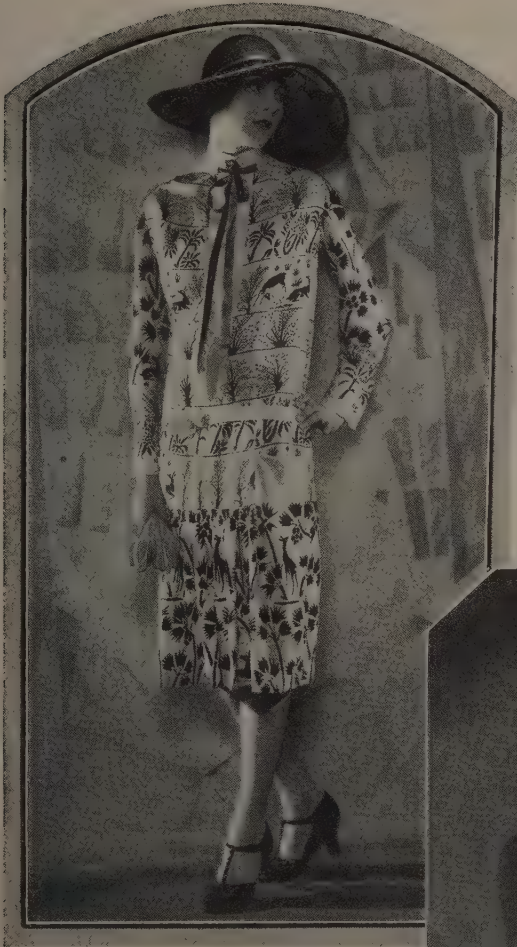
These three models from Drecoll



Mademoiselle Renée Heribel, well-known French actress, in a satin evening gown embroidered in gold spangles over a metal cloth slip and edged in fox fur



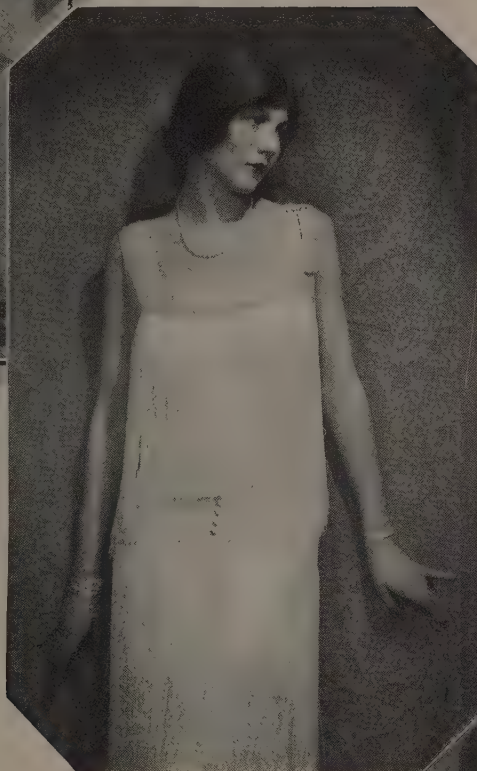
Madame André in a dinner gown of metal cloth embroidered in beads of vivid colors. The evening cape is of lavender silk velvet trimmed with red fox



A black-and-white printed frock in very smart design, is fashioned of crêpe-serge and may be worn with a high or low neck

*These delightful gowns from
Bergdorf & Goodman*

*The unusual jewelry from
T. Kirkpatrick & Co.*



The exquisite shoulder ornament, sponsored by the fashionable world, is a tassel design in fringed pearls and black enamel. Sapphire and diamonds and ruby and d'amonds fashion the new bracelet designs at the right, with a most intriguing wrist watch at the left in platinum mesh, edged on either side with perfect tiny diamonds

Due to the great vogue of Señorita Raquel Meller, fashion assumes a Spanish air and revives the fringed gown as a foremost evening fashion

A simply draped evening frock of jade-green crêpe emphasizes the smart, irregular hemline—pipings of gold tissue and shoulder shad panels at the back



Photos from Muray

Hats selected from Henri Bendel by Claiborne Foster, now appearing in "Patsy"



A large rose-brown crin straw hat, very popular this season because of its light and airy quality, trimmed with a wreath of grass and a single tulip made of feathers, flopping gracefully over the brim at the right side

Photos Irving Chidnoff



This charming sport hat is extremely "sassy," hiding the eyes most tantalizingly. It is the popular grey Hancock straw trimmed with a band of black-and-grey grosgrain ribbon



A Reboux model, just arrived from Paris, featuring the Frenchman's jockey idea, with the visor brim and very short back. It is of white crochet straw, trimmed with a band of orange-and-black grosgrain ribbon



Miss Janet Velie, now appearing in the *Cocoanuts*, firmly believes that an actress should live an outdoor life. Walking, golfing and tennis are her preferred sports. She wears shoes with "Westcott soles" and says that they combine quality and comfort unknown to her heretofore

Hat from Gage Bros.

*Sport dress of Cud'l-doon from
E. Klein & Co.*

Sidney Blackmer, the well-known star now playing in *Love in a Mist*, is a devotee of yachting. He, too, wears "Westcott soles" on his sport shoes, for comfort and style and also because they are waterproof



Photos Irving Chidnoff



How can she help feeling gay? Fetching, frolicsome Ada May. Hugging a car of her sporty choice, *Captain Jinks'* star has her new Rolls-Royce. Designed in taste and class, for four, methinks Miss May awaits one more



In the steel trunk attached to the rear of his commodious and richly furnished four-passenger Packard six coupé. Sam Ash, hero of *Rose-Marie*, safeguards some of his precious notes, soon to be heard in Chicago. Mr. Ash not only lubricates his voice with ease, but note the comfort with which he was lubricating the thirty chassis points requiring regular attention, merely pulling out the oil-pressure plunger

Versatile fingers are Madame Ninon-Romaine's. When they tire of playing with keys, they try gears. The celebrated pianist says that those of the Willys-Knight great six respond as readily. There is magic concealed up its sleeve-valve engine, for, PRESTO! the car shoots ahead; RITARDANDO, and it comes to a smooth, graceful stop, never jolting Madame Romaine's musical moods



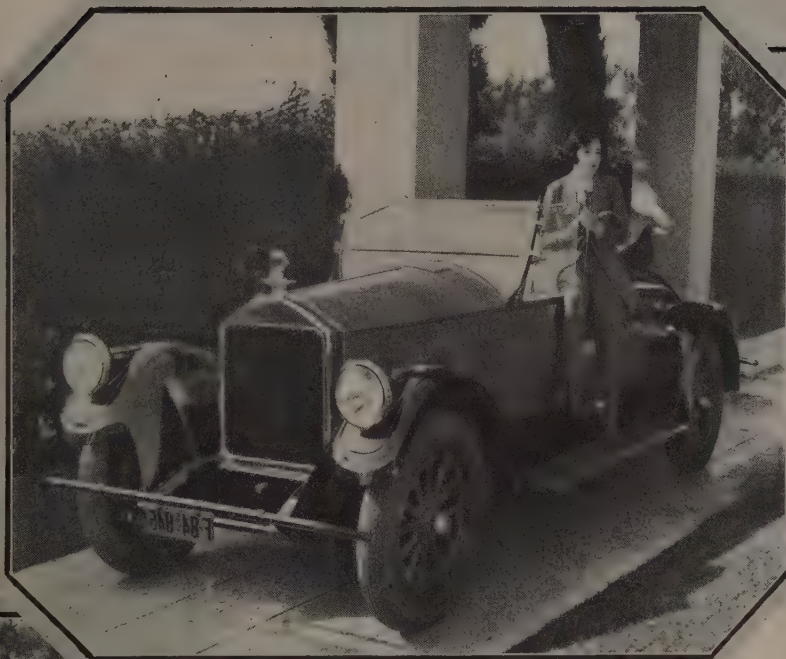
THE LURE OF THE ROAD

Stage celebrities seek recreation from artistic cares in a delightful spin in smooth running cars

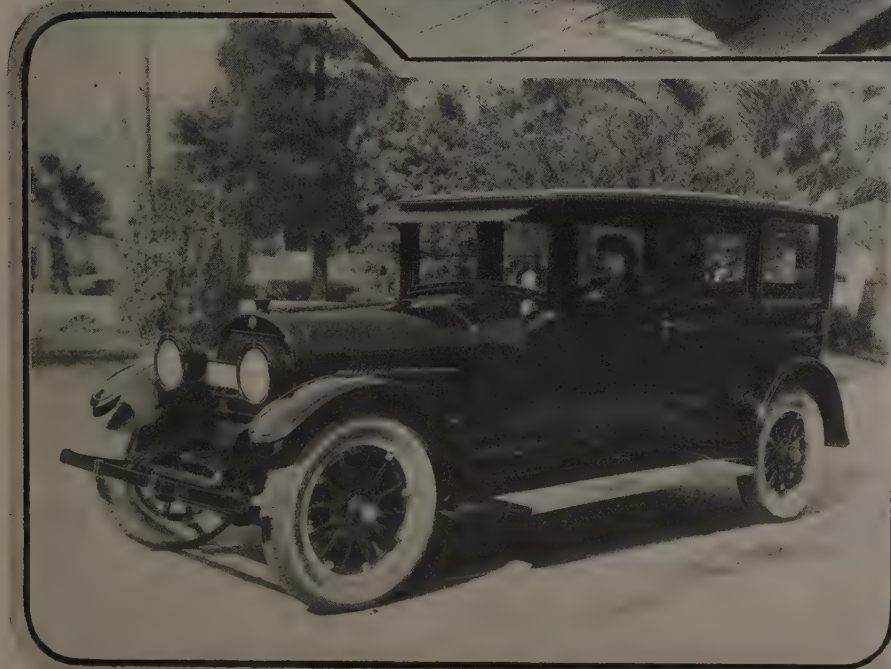
In California, where the sun smiles rather warmly on its movie stars, William Collier finds his touring-car an ideal relaxation. Its detachable hood, its cool coloring and luxurious interior, not forgetting the double wind-shield—all pale the trying features of Summer



"There is as great a release of nerve tension in driving my frolicsome Pierce Arrow roadster as any frisky horse—without even hinting at the safety that rather appeals to me when I sit calmly behind the steering-wheel and know that at no moment will my roadster decide to eat grass on the brink of a precipice," said Miss Bebe Daniels, now rehearsing for *The College Flirt*, a Paramount movie. Appropriate car for the movie!



Rather novel to see Pola Negri driving her own car. Is it not? She said she was never inspired to learn before she purchased this Cadillac coupé, whose rich, beautiful coloring blends harmoniously with the star's full-toned eyes. Miss Negri has, besides admiration for the car, profound respect for its workmanship—since, as she says, it remains so docile under her uncertain guidance



A conspicuous feature of the luxurious *chambre à coucher* is the famed Du Barry bed. Standing on a dais, the width of this historic couch is quite exceptional; the carved gilded posters and head-piece of dull blue velvet form a suitable frame for the overspreading cover of black-tailed ermine—a royal bed indeed, that of Louis le bien aimé. Silk, the shade of crushed rose petals, covers the walls



One of the most luxurious rooms in the house is that containing the famous Pompeian Bath, which is exquisitely carved and frescoed and set on a marble dais

The center of the dining-room is occupied by the long white marble table from Versailles, partially concealed by a scintillating gauzy cloth-of-gold tissue under which shimmers a satin underspread in deep-toned orange. Chairs and floors are covered with skins of yellow panther, and stately mandarin-tinted flowers appear in far-off corners. A mellowing effect is produced by the low-hung chandelier with its myriad of lusters in amethyst, and water falls into a near-by marble basin outlined by delicate pink roses



THE HISTORIC PARIS
HOME OF CECILE SOREL,
FAMOUS FRENCH STAR

P A C K A R D



THE Navy and Army together have honored Packard with orders for new aircraft engines totaling nearly four million dollars. The new motors, proven supreme by exacting government tests, are a tribute not only to Packard leadership in power plant engineering but also to the vision and sympathetic cooperation of those men who bear the responsibility of our national defense. = = Packard's motor building supremacy is as available to the private citizen as to the United States government—in the Packard Six and the Packard Eight. Ask The Man Who Owns One.



Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



(Concluded from page 18)

comber, the other as a Doctor aboard the yacht, gave excellent accounts of themselves.

A TUNEFUL and breezy musical comedy came to the Vanderbilt Theatre entitled *The Girl Friend*. With music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, of *Garrick Gaieties* and *Dearest Enemy* fame, the show is decidedly entertaining, although the book by Herbert Fields lacks humor. Leonard Silver (Sam White) is training to become a six-day bike racer under the tutelage of the girl friend, Mollie Farrell (Eva Puck). She gets a wealthy sportsman interested in him, but he has a sister who becomes tied up with Leonard in a way Mollie didn't count on. But everybody's joyous in the end, with the sister foiled and Mollie and Leonard coming into their own. Eva Puck and Sam White, a hard-working talented team, squeeze every line for a laugh and get it. Sam White's eccentric dance in the second act smacked reminiscently of former days at the Winter Garden, while Eva Puck's song, "The Damsel What Done All the Dirt," was amusing and well rendered. There is some neat chorus work, with the dances arranged by Jack Haskell. June Cochrane, last seen with the *Garrick Gaieties*, is pleasing and has a good feeling for comedy. "The Blue Room" and "Town Hall Tonight" are easily the hits of this ideal hot-weather entertainment.

THE Shuberts achieved the impossible in launching with absolute splendor *H. M. S. Pinafore* at the Century Theatre, and not the singular thing about this super-production was the way in which both text and music bore up under it. Nothing seemed lost and very much gained. Perhaps Sullivan was the greater gainer of the two. Never before were his tunes sung by so many and so well. But even the great Gilbert would have had little to complain of in the appreciative delivery of his witty lines. In the latter respect first praise should go to John E. Hazzard, who, as Sir Joseph Porter, brought out every shade of the author's meaning. He does not, of course, profess to be a singer, in which respect he had to yield the palm to Fay Templeton, who both acted and sang Little Buttercup as the part had never been acted or sung before. There were four other really splendid voices among the principals, Tom Burke as Ralph, Marguerite Namara as Josephine, Marion Green as the Captain and Charles Gallagher as Ben Bobstay, the last named rendering the famous "He is an Englishman" with stirring effect. In short, so far as the music was concerned, it was a grand-opera performance, with a chorus that lifted the roof. The only false note was sounded by William Danforth as Dick Deadeye. This part can never be more than secondary, and any attempt to "star" it must be at the expense of the play. De Wolf Hop-

per's disastrous attempt to do this in an earlier revival set Mr. Danforth a fatal example. Scenically and sartorially the production was superb. The massive ship that revolved was a masterpiece of stage carpentry.

ONE of the finest performances of *The Bells* ever given in this country was launched at the Nora Bayes Theatre by Messrs. A. E. and R. R. Riskin and interpreted by Rollo Lloyd and a competent assisting company. Rollo Lloyd's performance as Mathias had all of the intensity and none of the mannerisms of the late Sir Henry Irving. He proved himself an actor of the first order. His enunciation was a delight, his sincerity, his force, his variety of expression and his trained methods were all factors in an artistic whole.

It seemed rather an idle financial enterprise to launch such an old and crude melodrama at a roof theatre, but the Messrs. Riskin's idea was evidently to prove the caliber of Mr. Lloyd. In this they made no mistake, and the future work of this actor will be watched with interest. The play was excellently produced, and though no art can efface its antiquated structure, its central idea was illuminated by the performance. The managers gave it a charming setting, and the supporting cast, which included Horace Braham as Christian and Katherine Reyner as Annette, gave a good account of themselves.

UNDER the nondescript title, *Love in a Mist*, a play starring Madge Kennedy was produced at the Gaiety. It was written by Amélie Rives and Gilbert Emery. About two-thirds of it had a graceful flow and that literary flavor to be expected from the facile Amélie Rives. But, like so many efforts at drama-writing that come from the pens of novelists, it tries to atone for a very slim story by verbal embellishments. After two acts of pleasant persiflage outgrowing the attempt of the heroine to cover her seeming fickleness with a large number of white lies, we come to a third act that leaves so little to tell that the authors are forced to contrive a number of irrelevant scenes, some of which seem rather childish. The heroine insists upon telling both her lovers, one played by Sidney Blackmer, the other by Tom Powers, that she loves them. Not until the final curtain does she throw herself into Mr. Blackmer's arms for good and all, and that for no more cogent reason than that the shifting must cease at some time. The performance was excellent. Miss Kennedy was at her best and had great personal charm; Mr. Blackmer was, as usual, very agreeable as a lover, and Tom Powers masqueraded as a perfervid Italian count and somehow or other seemed believable in spite of his antics. Frieda Innescourt played the second lady, with whom Mr. Powers had to content himself, and was another agree-

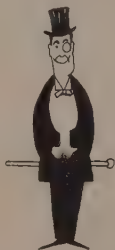
able picture. Alice Johns was the amiable aunt and gave her usual well-trained performance.

CONSPICUOUS among the Spring revivals an old charmer—Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*—fluttered forth from its lavender and old-lace wrappings and was presented at the Bijou Theatre. Barrie's fine play revealed the same old power to allure and afforded Helen Hayes, in the rôle of the quaint and canny Scotch girl, the dramatic opportunity of a lifetime. She played the gorgeous rôle for all it was worth. Wistfulness and a vague, intangible charm were the high-lights of the performance. Her coy and fluttery finger mannerisms were totally absent, and she played the rôle with mature understanding and pleasing restraint. She was so wistful and appealing as the drab little spinster of the spiral curls and the cocoon attire that she did things to tremulous hearts and to sentimental souls. Only once did she seem to do less than she might have done. And that was in one of the high moments of the play—when, in an emotional moment, the little spinster tears up her contract which binds her young man to marry her and gives him his freedom. Dramatic intensity was lacking in Miss Hayes' work during this scene, as it was in several others which called for deep feeling.

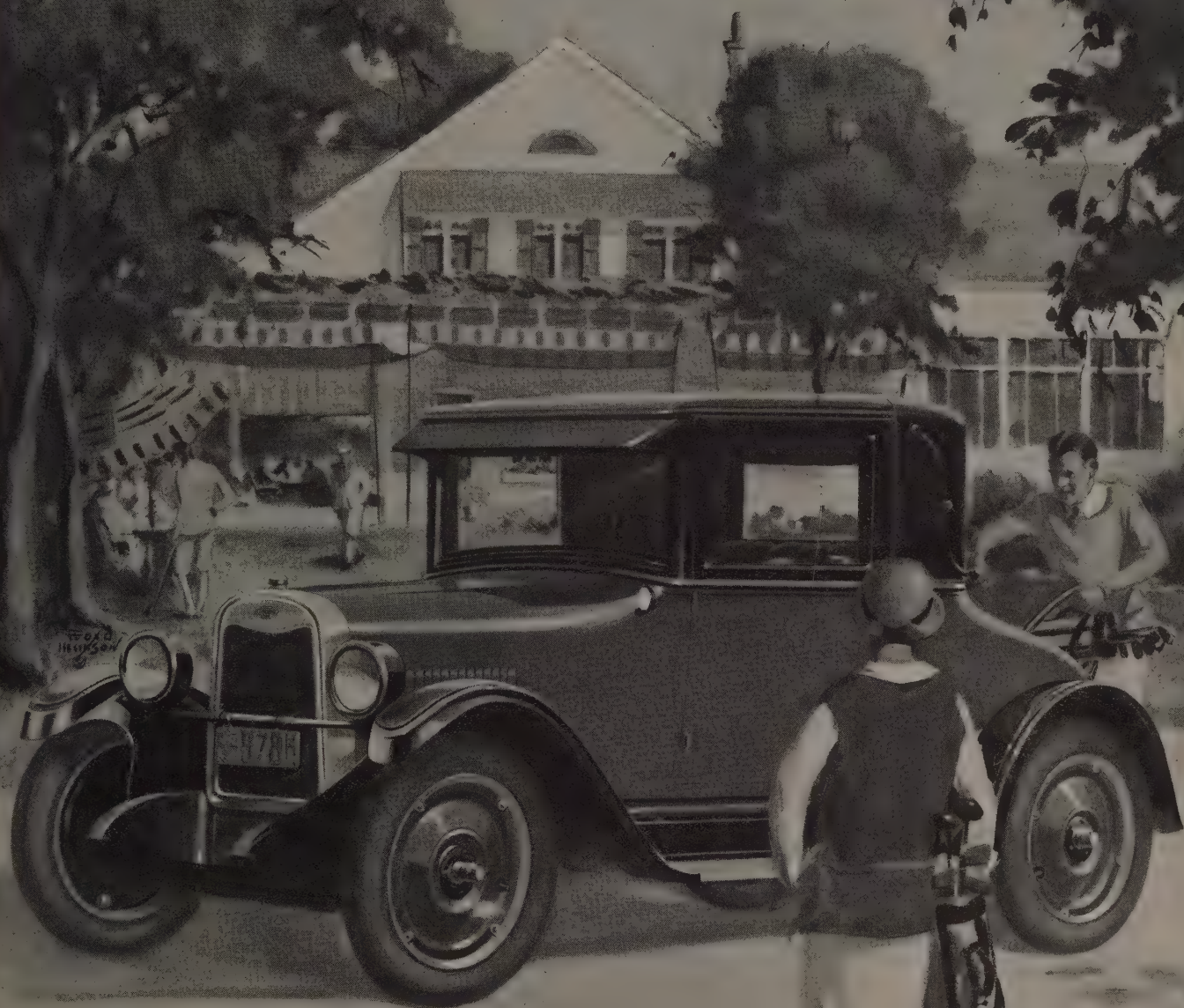
Much credit must go to Kenneth MacKenna for another fine performance as John Shand.

A GENUINE treat toward the close of the season was the gorgeous revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *Iolanthe*, at the Plymouth. Winthrop Ames is one of the most æsthetic of our stage directors. He has, in addition to a fine appreciation of the beautiful, a sound and admirable sense of dramatic values, the combination of which brought to this revival qualities which satisfied in every way the eye and ear. Woodman Thompson, while not deviating in spirit from the traditional settings, brought them a peculiar tone of quality that made for a particularly happy bond grown of the fanciful and the real. The costumes, too, were superbly handsome in texture and design, while under the reverent and spirited baton of Robert Hird Bowers, the best of justice was rendered to Sir Arthur's idyllic and true tone score.

The beauty of the female chorus was well up to standard, although the metallic quality of their voices sounded a trifle harsh, nor did it blend well in either the duos or the concerted numbers. Again a male chorus scored triumphantly not only on the musical side but on the histrionic as well. The Earls of Mountarat and Tolloller were played to the life by John Barclay and J. Humbird Duffey, who brought out all the significance of Sir William's witty lines. Admirable in tone and execution was Vera Ross' interpretation of the Fairy Queen, while as the volatile and impressionable Lord Chancellor Ernest Lawford was agile, quaint and amusing.



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Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

THE WISDOM TOOTH

(Continued from page 28)

Grandpa? (*To Farraday*): And you can't prove I ain't independent.

FARRADAY: No?

Mrs. Poole enters and is made acquainted with the guests. She approves of the old folks, but will not have Lalita in the house. Bemis tries to explain that Lalita is an old idea of his, but Mrs. Poole maintains that she must go.

BEMIS: I guess you're right. I won't think of her again. (*Lalita goes to the door. Farraday laughs.*)

GRANDPA (*loudly, his back to Bemis*): Skeeter! Skeeter!

GRANDMA: I feel kind of queer, Grandpa. I thought he was around here somewhere.

GRANDPA: So do I. I don't seem to know where we are. . . . I'm sorry we intruded. . . . We were looking for a grandson of ours.

BEMIS: I'm Charley, Grandpa. I'm Skeeter.

GRANDPA: No, I'm afraid there's some mistake. The one we're looking for is somebody else. He's really a little boy. (*Going to Farraday*): Maybe you've seen him. He's a scrapping little fellow. He's studying to be a big man. He's going to be President of the United States.

BEMIS: Grandpa!

GRANDPA: I was certain sure you wasn't him when you didn't talk up to that man there.

GRANDMA: You see, our little boy wouldn't have done that.

LALITA: Good-bye, Sally.

SALLY: Good-bye, poor little idea. (*Lalita and the grandparents exit, followed by Farraday.*)

BEMIS: I'm all alone.

SALLY: You're not alone, my dear.

BEMIS: Sally, I'm nothing at all. That's why they left me.

SALLY: No, Charley, you left them. They wanted to help the little boy they knew long ago. If you could find him, he'd take you to the man I love.

BEMIS: Do you think I could find him?

SALLY: Only you *can* find him. . . . He's somewhere on the road they're traveling. Tell me you will find him, Charley. Tell me that.

BEMIS: I've got to find him.

SALLY: And when you find him, bring him back to me.

The second scene of the act opens with Bemis barely distinguishable before a black drop. He is on his journey back to find Skeeter, Lalita and his grandparents. As he calls to his folks, reminding them of incidents of his boyhood, there is heard, off-stage, an argument between two boys, carried on with much vehemence. The drop lifts, disclosing the interior of a circus tent.

Grandma and Grandpa come in looking for Skeeter and are proud that he has made acquaintance with all the circus people. Barnum and Bailey enter and are introduced to the grandparents by Bemis. He is a person of some importance among his new acquaintances. Everett, the town roustabout,

enters and later two clowns. Bemis and Everett converse about Everett's future.

Mildred, Bemis' girl, comes in and Everett leaves. Mildred tells Bemis of seeing the fairy queen and of a new fairy ring she has discovered. She also tells him that Porky, a playmate, doesn't believe that she has seen the fairies. Lalita enters and tells them of the fairies and a fairy dance to be held soon. Porky comes in and Bemis suggests that the four go into the circus proper. But Porky can only see Mildred and Bemis. He makes sport of Bemis' belief in fairies and the clowns join in laughter.

Grandmother and grandfather enter and are troubled finding the clowns ridiculing Skeeter.

GRANDMA: Whatever he said, Skeeter is not afraid of him.

MILDRED (*in tears*): Yes, he is. He's acting like a coward.

PORKY: He's a sissy. I told him exactly to his face and he backed water.

GRANDPA: You said that to Skeeter's face?

BEMIS (*jumping on tub*): No, no, Grandpa. He's only telling that to what you see here. I'm not what you think I am. I'm a fellow from New York that don't dare face anyone. I don't dare face my boss. That's who I am. I ain't Skeeter. Skeeter's all right. Skeeter's just as brave as you think he is. Skeeter would fight for anything he believed in. Wouldn't you, Skeeter?

And Skeeter, a boy of about ten, comes out from under the tent canvas. He makes Porky back water and the clowns stop their ridicule.

BEMIS: What about me?

SKEETER: What?

BEMIS: I'm in trouble.

SKEETER: Oh, you? You're the fellow that's been using my name, ain't you?

BEMIS: Yes.

SKEETER: Well, that's all right. You had a right to it in a way. Wait a minute. Look, Grandpa. I just thought of something.

GRANDMA: What, Skeeter?

SKEETER: Why, I won't be home in time for supper to-night. I don't know when I'll be back.

GRANDPA: What's the trouble, boy?

SKEETER: I've got a little job on my hands with this fellow here.

GRANDMA: Where are you going, Skeeter?

SKEETER: We're going years and years from here. We're going to an office. We're going back to J. H. Porter & Co. and avenge a woman's good name.

The third scene takes place in Mr. Porter's office. Bemis and Skeeter are on the scene and Skeeter is preparing Bemis for an interview with Mr. Porter. Bemis is very much enforced by the influence of Skeeter and feels as if he can handle the situation. Mr. Porter enters and Bemis begins the conversation by resigning and then telling Mr. Porter that he would like to talk to him as a caller. Bemis wants to know why Mr. Porter fired

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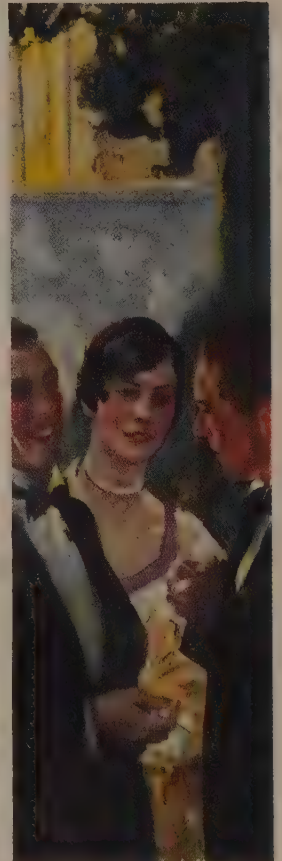
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Who's Who Among the Players

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE

IF Horatio Alger lived to-day he probably would have found enough material in the career of Charles Trowbridge, versatile actor, to write not one, but several interesting novels. A more gifted writer might even turn out an epic of the thrilling adventures and steadily rising ambitions that have enmeshed him since first he saw the light of day in Vera Cruz, Mexico. He is now playing the leading male rôle in *Craig's Wife*, George Kelly's drama at the Morosco.

Mr. Trowbridge's first glimpse of Vera Cruz was under unusual circumstances. His father was a prominent member of the American Diplomatic Corps in those days—the time when Vera Cruz was a city of fierce revolution. When he grew up young Trowbridge decided he had tasted enough gunpowder, so he determined upon a career of architect. But architecture was no business for a youth who had survived imbroglis and the smell of blood, so he changed his vocation. This time he departed for Hawaii to engage in the business of coffee raising.

On his return to the States an overpowering passion to become an actor gripped him. He fought this resolution for a time, but ambition won, and he soon became a full-fledged actor. He gave good performances in *The Last Warning*, *The Broken Wing*, *Come Out of the Kitchen*, *Daddy Long Legs* and *The Lullaby*.

BLANCHE YURKA

BLANCHE YURKA, seen recently as Milic, the rich peasant's unhappy wife in *Goat Song*, was born in America of Czech parentage. Educated here and abroad, she at first studied for grand opera, but illness compelling the abandonment of that ambition, she turned her attention to the dramatic stage. Joining David Belasco forces, she understudied in *Is Matrimony a Failure?* at which time she met Jane Cowl, who later gave her an opportunity in *Daybreak*, of which Miss Cowl is author. This was followed by an appearance in Brieux' *Les Américains Chez Nous*, after which she played the Queen in *Hamlet* with John Barrymore. After that came an appearance in Toller's *Masse Mensch*, at the Theatre Guild, and her success as Gina in *The Wild Duck* with the Actors' Theatre. Early this season she appeared at the Little Theatre in *The Sea Woman*. She was also a guest star at the Repertory Theatre in Boston, playing in *The Wild Duck* and *Enter, Madame*, returning

to New York to act in *Goat Song* for the Theatre Guild.

CATHERINE DALE OWEN

CATHERINE DALE OWEN, lately seen in *The Love City*, was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She made her first stage appearance four seasons ago in *Happy Go Lucky*. She next appeared with Sidney Blackmer in *The Mountain Man*, which incidentally marked her initial New York appearance. The following season Miss Owen played in *The Bootleggers* and *The Love Set* and subsequently created an important rôle in a tryout of *The First Thrill*. Next played six months in stock in Louisville. Two seasons ago she appeared in *The Whole Town's Talking*. Another stock engagement in Louisville followed and then she reappeared in *The Whole Town's Talking* on tour. Then in *The Toss of a Coin*. Played the leading feminine rôle in *White Collars* and last Summer in the revival of *Trelawney of the Wells*, then in Mr. Belasco's production of *Canary Dutch*.

AUGUSTIN DUNCAN

AUGUSTIN DUNCAN, at present the featured player in the New York production of *Juno and the Paycock*, has been known as an outstanding actor and director for ten years past, and his experience as a player on the American stage goes back to the early years of the century. Born in California, he began his acting career with a San Francisco stock company. He played in both this country and Europe through some fifteen years, being associated with the progressive producing groups particularly before he came to special notice in 1915 for his playing in and direction of Hauptmann's *The Weavers*.

Since that landmark of the "art theatre" movement, he has personally staged a dozen of the most important productions to reach Broadway. He thus lent rare distinction to *John Ferguson*, *Mixed Marriage*, *The Detour*, *S. S. Tenacity* and *Hell-Bent for Heaven*, all of which were presented under his direction and in all of which he played with conspicuous success.

This season he has staged three productions, including the notable *Outside Looking In* for the Greenwich Village Theatre; and he has acted in *Harvest*, *The Last Night of Dan Juan* and the Theatre Guild's *Merchants of Glory*. In the current *Juno and the Paycock*, at the Mayfair Theatre, he has returned to his dual activity as featured actor and director.





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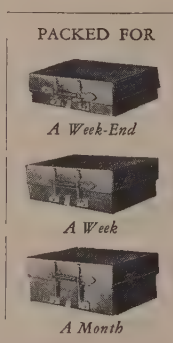
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the duchess. Before Mr. Porter can reply, Bemis informs him that his action was despicable and a rotten piece of business. Mr. Porter explains that the duchess was discharged only because she came very late and was very incompetent.

BEMIS: I told you what I thought and I was mistaken. All I can say is I'm sorry I took up your time. (*To Skeeter*): Come on, kid.

PORTER: Just a minute, Bemis. There is something I don't quite understand. Let me look at you. I don't think that I ever really knew you before.

BEMIS: I'm just a clerk in your office. I mean I was just a clerk in your office.

PORTER: Yes, I know that. I regarded you as an efficient clerk. To-day you're something more than that. You're apparently an individual. God, can it be that you are an individual?

BEMIS: You don't suppose I'd come in here and make a monkey out of myself if I wasn't, do you?

PORTER: That's the odd part of it. You didn't make a monkey of yourself. (*With sudden understanding.*) Well, I'll be damned. I've been puzzled for the last fifteen minutes by a problem that had a very simple answer. I see what you are now. You happen to be a man.

Porter asks Bemis if he would care to reconsider his resignation. Bemis does so and the curtain descends with Bemis saying to Skeeter, "I've still got my job."

* * * * *

THE third act is laid in the boarding-house parlor. Bemis sits staring into the fireplace just as we left him at the end of Act I.

BEMIS: Skeeter—Skeeter! That's what I should have done! And that's what I didn't do.

MRS. POOLE (*entering from rear*): Mr. Bemis (*Bemis looks up quickly*), I'm sorry I disturbed you.

BEMIS (*puzzled*): That's all right. I was just kind of thinking.

Mrs. Poole announces that a man named Sparrow is at the door asking for him, and, as it is ten-thirty, she wishes to know if he may enter. Sparrow comes in to borrow taxi fare to take a girl home.

MRS. POOLE (*to Sparrow*): Excuse me for asking you to wait out there, but you see he's had a toothache, and I didn't know—

SPARROW: Yes, I know he had. (*Looking at Bemis.*) Why, Charley, your face is all swelled up.

MRS. POOLE: It certainly is. S'pose a compress would do any good. It won't take a minute to fix one.

BEMIS: Please—never mind it.

SPARROW: He'd look funny with his head all tied up and a knot on top of his dome.

BEMIS: Yeah, they'd laugh at me, wouldn't they?

SPARROW: Sure.

BEMIS: Get it, Mrs. Poole.

Katy passes through the room to call up to Sally that she will bring up some sandwiches and milk, but Sally calls that she is coming down.

SALLY: Charley—do you hate me?

BEMIS: How could I hate you?

SALLY: I hurt you. I know I hurt you a lot.

BEMIS: You told me what was good for me. That always hurts.

SALLY: I told you what I thought I saw—someone who was fine.

BEMIS: I've been seeing him, too. I don't see how you ever saw him with me standing in the way. What you saw was the little boy I used to be.

SALLY: Yes. Perhaps.

BEMIS: I guess my back was turned towards him too long. I hardly knew him when I saw him.

SALLY: He's never been far away.

Mr. and Mrs. Farraday return from the movies and Farraday laughs at the appearance of Bemis with his head tied in a poultice, but it doesn't disconcert Bemis. Farraday advises him of a good dentist, but Bemis tells him that he has one.

FARRADAY: I guess you can't change a man's opinion about his dentist.

BEMIS: But about everything else though, eh?

FARRADAY: About politics, yes.

BEMIS: Do you know what I really think is the matter with Coolidge?

FARRADAY: What?

BEMIS: He seems to be afraid to say what he thinks.

Sally is much elated in the evident change in Bemis. He turns the conversation to the subject that has been troubling him all day, the discharge of the duchess.

BEMIS: I wouldn't be afraid to talk up to the boss now.

SALLY: Perhaps now you don't need to.

BEMIS: No, I wouldn't feel right until I done that too.

Sally talks Bemis out of such action, showing that it is no longer important as he has found himself. She goes out into the dining-room to get her lunch and Bemis calls up Mr. Porter, although it is well after eleven. He arouses Mr. Porter from his bed and gives him his opinion of the action.

BEMIS: Mr. Porter, you discharged a stenographer yesterday; you know the one I mean. . . . Well, I just want you to tell me she didn't do her work right; if that was the reason, I won't bother you any more. (*Sally enters.*)

It's this to me, if she was doing her work all right, I want to know why you discharged her? . . . Well, I don't mean to be impudent; but you see I'm not exactly a clerk. That just happens to be the job I have. . . . What, sir? . . . All right, but do you think you was fair to that girl?

There is a sudden stop and we are led to understand that Mr. Porter terminated the conversation without warning.

SALLY: What happened?

BEMIS: He fired me.

SALLY: That's what I thought.

BEMIS: Yes, sir. He fired me. Not that I blame him much either. (*Pause.*) Or not that I give a damn.

(*Smiles.*) I don't care a damn. That's it, Sally; I don't care a damn!

SALLY: Charley, I can't see a trace of the man they knew now.

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GAY PAREE!

(Continued from page 12)

is good for him, monsieur will not fail to add a slight token of his appreciation to the stated tariff. Which monsieur wisely does.

Comfortably settled down, the patron breaks the seal of his "program." He discovers that M. Louis Lemarchand is the author and producer of the revue—which fact does not impress him as being of very great importance. He reads on. Ha! "Music by Irving Berlin"—there is a familiar ring to the sentence. He reads that John Tiller is responsible for the dance ensembles and with added interest when he recalls that Tiller dancers are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. The other personages mentioned are all French, with now and then a familiar name, such as Erté and Patout.

The signal from back-stage to the "chef d'orchestre" that the performance is about to commence is an extended and noisy pounding upon the bare floor of the stage, followed by three staccato outbursts. This practice, so unfamiliar to the American, is generally followed in all Continental theatres and is even used in several London houses.

The lights dim and blink out; the curtain rises; and *A Night of Folly* is under way. Scene follows scene in a glittering array. A well-trained chorus prances in and out; the music swells and fills the auditorium. Fundamentally, the revue is the counterpart of the American species, following out the same general principles, achieving the same result, a pleasurable confusion of the senses.

Of the various *tableaux* there are several outstanding ones, perfect examples of the creative efforts of the producing genius. A spectacular pantomime in four scenes, *Life in the Middle Ages*, is an achievement worthy of the combined talents of our native producers. The scene represents the side altar of a great cathedral during the Dark Ages. Services are about to commence. The congregation is awaiting the impressive ceremonies. Suddenly the organ sends forth a mighty peal and silently, two by two, white-robed and hooded nuns enter. They take their places at either side of the altar. All is hushed and quiet as a red-garbed cardinal emerges from the sacristy and with measured steps approaches the center of the presbytery. Without a word of his intentions, he hurls the cloak to one side and stands revealed to the multitude as Satan, a smile of fiendish glee upon his face because his machinations had accomplished the delivery of the cathedral into his hands. The "nuns" strip themselves of wimples and robes and stand before the outraged congregation, harlots naked and unashamed. All is not yet! The devil unveils the cross, revealing a woman crucified thereon, triumphant in her nudity. Suddenly there is a blinding flash of

lightning, and thunder rolls and reverberates through the church. In the twinkling of an eye the scene has become a veritable hell. Satan, groveling upon the altar steps, is slowly crushed to death by the ponderous iron gates which are dropped to keep the enraged peasantry from laying violent hands upon the blaspheming wantons.

The first act over, the crowds leave their seats and flock into the garden—the flesh market—where a snappy orchestra crashes through the latest Charleston, perspiring waiters rush around with drinks and painted ladies of the half world, young and old, lean and fat, white and colored, are permitted to follow their ancient if not honorable profession.

Not very far from Rue Richer and the Folies-Bergère, right at the very entrance of the Grand Boulevards, the Palace attracts the lover of the sumptuousness in revues. Here in the Faubourg Montmartre one finds "Le Palace"—comfortably sandwiched among the exclusive and picturesque shops that sprinkle the immediate vicinity of the boulevards.

Outwardly, like its neighbor around the corner on Rue Richer, there is a decided lack of anything that borders on the pretentious. In the spacious lobby one is made to understand that Raquel Meller is the outstanding feature of the grand revue, *Long Live Women!* which Messrs. Oscar Dufréne and Henri Varna are presenting. The *tableaux* have names to enchant and intrigue! Witness: *Some Girl!* the *Disrobing of Venus*, the *Enchanted Hat*, the *Latest Fashion*, the *Wreath of Camellias*, the *Loves of a Weaver's Daughter*, *Romantic Love*, *Diana Bathing*, *Enchanted Windows*, *La Barcarolle*, an *Orange Grove in California*, a *Modern Star*, *Your Lips!* *Smokes*, *Nymphs and Satyrs* and *Tell Me, Monsieur*.

On the program, "Music by Irving Berlin" stares one in the face here too, and in the costuming department are the names of Poiret, Patou and Worth.

From the Faubourg Montmartre one seeks out the Rue de Clichy, where, half-way up the hill, is the establishment of M. Léon Volterra, the famed Casino de Paris. Here his latest revue, *Paris en Fête*, has made itself felt and good seats are at a premium. The billing pasted indiscriminately over the exterior informs the prospective patron that there is an abundance of talent in the persons of Mitty and Tillio, the Rowe Sisters, Mistinguett, Lina Tyber, Serjius, Dutard, Parisys and sixteen Lawrence Tiller girls "direct from the Ziegfeld *Follies*, New York." An imposing array, what? The *tableaux* read interestingly also. For example: *The Temple of Love*, the *Gallant Adventure*, *Disillusion*, the *Masterpiece*, the *Living Garden*, *In the Jungle*, *Mysterious Eyes*, *A Venetian Evening*, *The Gondola of*

(Concluded on page 58)

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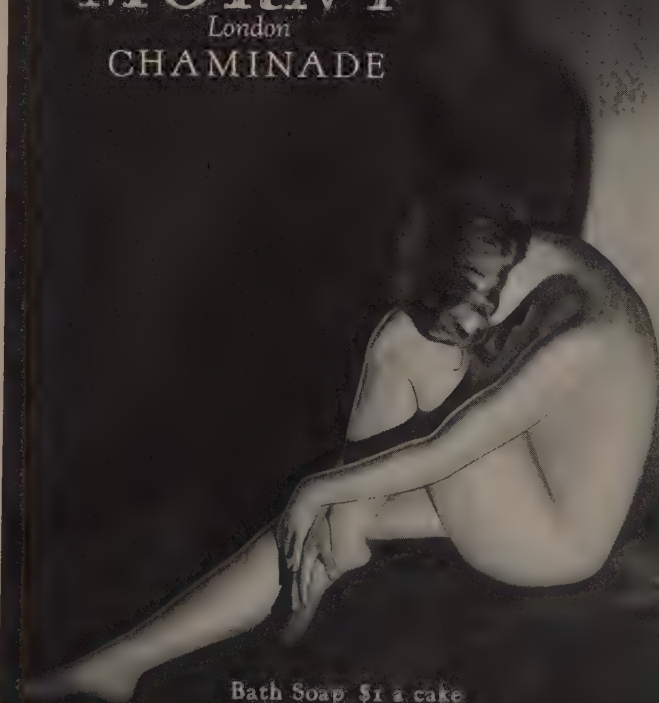
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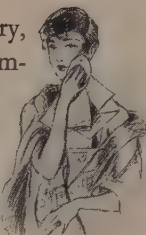
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Voluptuousness, The Water Carnival, Surprise of the Waves, Nude Dance, The Enchanted Mirror, Spanish Sun, Land of Fire, Hearts Are Trumps, Again in Paradise, The Garden of Kisses, Aboard the Barge and a Cotton Plantation.

Of the individual numbers, the *Temple of Love* is outstanding, both for the gorgeousness of its costumes and for their scantiness. Another number, *In the Jungle*, is the finest example of pantomimic effort to be found on the stage of any music-hall in Paris to-day.

The fourth and perhaps the most famous of the major music-halls is the Moulin Rouge, facing the Place Blanche on the Boulevard de Clichy, in the very heart of Montmartre. The wings of the "Red Mill" turn lazily around, irresistibly impelling one to penetrate deeper into the wonders of this music-hall *par excellence*. Entering the lobby, one gets his first glimpse of the "Escalier d'honneur." Its magnificence is typical of Paris, where the "ultra" is not always necessarily the unusual. It sweeps grandly from the center of the lobby with broad steps carpeted in red plush. Half-way in the ascent, it pauses to accommodate a landing and then continues proudly up to the "hall d'entrée." The same tone of sumptuousness is apparent here, too. The ceilings are pendant with brilliant chandeliers, the walls are frescoed and tinted, the floor a veritable sea of red plush, broken at intervals by palms and boxwood trees.

The foyer is visible through glass doors at the far extremity of the "hall d'entrée." This foyer divides the "salle de spectacle" from the "jardin d'hiver." This latter, the Winter Garden, is a splendidly appointed café and cabaret, covering a space as large as

the auditorium itself. At the far end an orchestra is placed; the dance floor takes up the central space and on either side are rows and rows of neat little tables and chairs.

The "salle de spectacle" is gilded throughout, harmonizing surprisingly well with the red plush that covers every inch of the floor. In 1915 the Moulin Rouge was entirely destroyed by fire. Two years ago the establishment was rebuilt and "pour l'inauguration du nouveau Moulin Rouge," M. Pierre Foucrot presented "La grande revue New-York-Montmartre," which continued playing to capacity audiences until the end of last Summer.

The current spectacle has the naïve title "Mieux que Nue!" Translated literally, this means "More Than Nude." Draw your own conclusions. The titles of several of the *tableaux* seem to conform in a remarkable degree to that "Mieux que Nue." One scene especially, *Adam and Eve*, a dancing number, requires no costuming at all for its effect!

The personnel of the Moulin Rouge contains some remarkable talent. Of first importance there are the eighteen Gertrude Hoffman girls, whose every appearance is cause for frenzied applause. Then, too, there is Biscot, a celebrated French motion-picture comedian; Drean, an excellent farceur; Argentina, a Spanish dancer of renown who is shortly to tour America; Van Duren and Edmonde Guy, whose *Adam and Eve* number is remarkable for its beauty and grace, and the William Brothers, two Argentine acrobats of unusual ability.

Of the more spectacular *tableaux*, the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, the *Black Mass* and *Memory Lane* are marvels of costuming and ensembles with symphonic orchestrations.



DARING NEW PLAYS IN LONDON

(Continued from page 20)

infant to appear. She is, moreover, too accomplished to be a child. Mr. Billy Merson, a comedian who always keeps within nature, was not too well served with dialogue, but no doubt that defect will be removed. The Misses Lorna and Toots Pounds and Mr. George Clarke and Mr. John Kirby were all admirable and will be better.

But the undoubted success of the evening was Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer, who sat at a piano and revived some of his famous melodies. Suddenly a jazz-sodden audience found itself remembering the agreeable songs with which Mr. Stuart filled our musical comedies a generation ago, and, not without some emotion, old codgers and persons in process of becoming old codgers, hummed the pleas-

ant tunes. At the end of all Mr. Stuart's reminiscences of his fine repertoire, when we had renewed our youth with "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More at Home Like You?" the stage was filled with soldiers and "kilties" and all of us were singing "The Soldiers of the Queen," although the title was queerly printed on the program as "The Soldiers of the King."

It was good to be reminded that musical comedy was not always vamped by smooth young Hebrews from the United States who cannot think of more than one song for a play. Some day someone will revive *Florodora* and make his fortune. In the meantime we gladly accept gleanings from Mr. Leslie Stuart's fine harvest.

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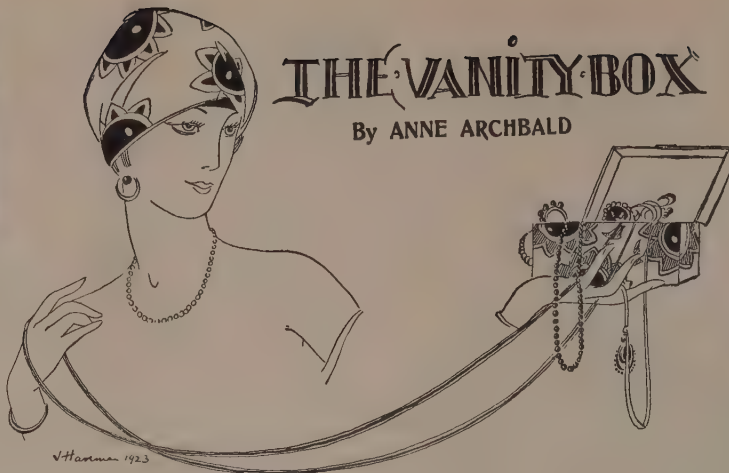
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A TELEPHONE for us. . . "Mme. Helena Rubinstein back on the *Aquitania*, to-day, from a flying trip to Paris!"

Which always means fresh news . . something intriguing, *epatant*, for the beauty sleuth . . first-hand contact with that fascinating, sparkling, incessantly creative city, Paris!

We seek out Mme. Rubinstein the first thing the following morning and find her the same beautiful human dynamo in an individual French frock, a Lenieff model this time, we think, mauve with delicate embroidery of purple, and accompanying shoes of red alligator, balanced with another touch of red in the *boucle d'oreilles* at her ears.

"What's new?" we demand in the familiar dinner-table salutation of the American husband.

And Madame responds:

"New coloring for the nails, for one thing. No longer is pink or crimson used on the nails by the ultra-smart Parisienne, but different colored lacquers, to match different frocks. Particularly is a green lacquer, with silver lights, popular. And, strangely enough, I think the vogue is going to be sufficiently lasting, so that I am making up the green-and-silver lacquer in my laboratory and will shortly have it to offer to American women. . . It's quite fascinating!"

"What else! Well, I find the European women, especially those over thirty, paying particular attention to their eyebrows. By that I don't mean they are plucking them to the mere shadow of a line towards which we have unfortunately still a tendency in America. But they are realizing that eyebrows, like hands and chin lines, are 'give-aways' of one's age. That as we grow older the color and gloss of the eyebrow begins to fade unless taken care of, and therefore a distinct attention is being turned eyebrow-wards. As a matter of fact, we have to learn that not just certain aspects of the face and figure, though they will have prime importance, must be considered in this race to stay young and beautiful, but every single detail . . none too insignificant to be overlooked and neglected.

"To keep the eyebrows young and in keeping with the youth of the rest of the face, one needs a special little eyebrow brush, to brush away, each day, all the dust and powder that collect so easily and quickly in the fine hairs of the brows. And one needs a special eyebrow cream for gloss and growth. . . I have such an eyebrow cream, which is colored a very dark brown, so that it can be used at any time, night or the day. . . It increases the growth of the lashes as well. . . And naturally we have the little eyebrow brushes, of two types, one rather short and fat and the other a bit more slender, to suit different types of eyebrows. . . Some of my clients even use both.

"I am not against the keeping a neat, trim line for the brows by plucking stray and straggling hairs, but I do object to that excessive thinning that destroys the individuality of one's type and turns out a hundred 'factory-made' foreheads all alike. With one's eyebrow cream, a bit of brushing and tending, always remembering to pinch in the line one wants with one's thumb and forefinger, one can have eyebrows that are lovely and at the same time full of personality.

Mme. Rubinstein told us that she has found everywhere in America recently a new interest in the care of the hands, which heartens her greatly. She feels, as do we, the jarring note in the appearance of a woman who has a youthful countenance with pretty skin and unyouthful or unlovely hands. She showed us her Valaze Hand Lotion and Hand Cream—explaining that some women liked the one and some the other—which were to be applied after every washing. With that and the rich, nourishing Anthosoros for thinness, or a fine, white texture of skin, the hands can be kept young and lovely indefinitely.

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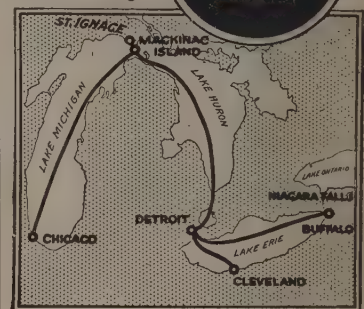


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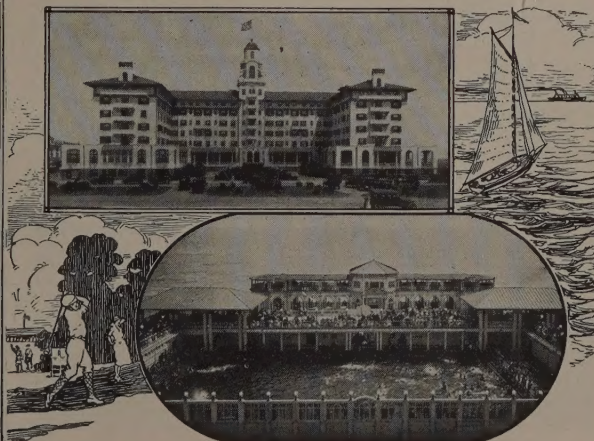
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THE CROWD OUT FRONT

(Continued from page 9)

Bubnoff on one side of me, the degenerate Baron on the other.

The Firebrand made for a delightfully gay, insouciant audience. It was essentially a dinner audience; people automatically "went on" to *The Firebrand* that Winter, and if you hadn't had champagne, you thought you had after the fun got started. You laughed irresponsibly, uncontrollably. The play knew its mood and you knew yours. It struck a dizzying tempo and so did you. No sly nudging or salacious exchange here! Cellini's amours were as naïve as a baby's prattle; the Duchess' intrigues as wholesome as Mellin's food. Only the censor timed the length of Cellini's kisses; but then, of course, he's paid to be evil-minded. That's his business. Good wholesome entertainment for the rest of us! And then you went on afterwards and danced somewhere, happily, innocently. Why aren't there more evenings of pure mirth like that? Speaking of the censor—according to the laws of some Massachusetts towns, an illegitimate child can be shown on the screen on week-days, but not on Sundays. Why doesn't some philanthropist step forward generously and endow the national sense of humor?

Now to some downright ugly, evil audiences. Can you, by any chance, think back to the days of our primal innocence when we considered Caillavet and De Flers amazingly frank? As some one said in one of last Winter's plays, "A good deal of virtue has run under the bridge since then." Today the offerings of those gentlemen take on the nature of Bible tracts. In its day *The King*, in spite of Mr. Dietrichstein's deftness, collected the sodden, the fat, the overfed, the wallowing, the salacious.

The God of Vengeance drew an audience equally evil but of a different sort. The crafty, the daring, the procurer, the pickpocket, second-story man, the gunman—all rallied here. I felt polluted at *The King*; I felt my life was in danger at *The God of Vengeance*. There is a distinction, with the odds for the criminal.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

BUT evil, however hideous in its manifestations, is preferable to stupidity. I give now, literally, and I ask you to believe me, my experience at *Desire Under the Elms*. This was after it moved up-town but before the censor had turned his spotlight on it. A cut-rate audience; I got that the second I took my seat, which was in the first balcony. Where, I ask you, do people like that come from? Where do they stow themselves away when they're not out on a cut-rate hunt for obscenity? It was obviously the bad words they had smelled out in *Desire Under the Elms*, and here they were, the evil pack of them, licking their chops noisily, all ready for the sport. The first scenes gave them the necessary fillip and they were off. Why did

Mr. O'Neill, with a theme like that, classic in its stark inevitability, resort to a first act of rube burlesque? Although, for that matter, this audience would have started off without any provocation on its noisy, yelping way. There were screams and catcalls and piercing whistles. People edged up to one another, nudged and winked and whispered. Directly in front of me there was a man with his wife, two daughters and a son. He had paid good money for the tickets and was in a fidgety panic he wasn't going to get value received. Each frank epithet used by the actors was passed down the line with nervous haste. "Did you get that, Rosie?" "Did mommer get that? He said—" Whisper, whisper. "Did Vi hear that? He called her—" More whispers, then roars of laughter blurred into the medley about them. A sweet, disarming little family group! And so it went. The scene where Mary Morris walked into the boy's bedroom, tragic step by step, was the signal for loud ringside banter. Then, suddenly, the girl next to me clutched her companion. A stray glimmer of light had all at once penetrated her dumb stupidity: this wasn't just a funny play, like *Abie*. In startled, ringing tones she cried out: "Jesus Christ, she's going to kill the kid!" Such a tumult arose at this that the people in the back rows began to stand up to see what was happening in our vicinity. Doubtless they had some idea that a kindly management, to complete the comic entertainment, had started a greased pig down the aisles. I could endure no more; I left. How do the actors stand it?

THE MUSICAL SHOWS

THE first week of this year's *Charlot*, with seats at a boasted premium (so much for a flavor of royal prestige!), brought out all the young bankers and brokers of New York—those shrewd financiers of ours who lock their brains up in their desks at the end of the day and go in for tuna-fishing, duck-shooting and Follies girls on the outside. Which makes for a pretty decent balance, when you come right down to it! Well, they were all there, the "little-dinner-at-Guggenheim's" set to the fore, and all very drunk. Out in the lobby, between the acts, what a blur of eyes, a haze of smoke and alcoholic fumes, a disarray of shirt-fronts! Yes, all drunk, all hilarious, out for a "wow." And the show just naturally died on their hands. About the middle of the second act they gave up all pretense at being amused and, cheated, disgruntled, rolled over and went to sleep. The next day the Exchange saw a bear market on *Charlot*.

In addition to this authentic type of the man about town, one sees at musical shows a strange benighted assortment of men from the hinterland. No decent, hard-working, self-respecting

(Concluded on page 64)



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By HELENA RUBINSTEIN

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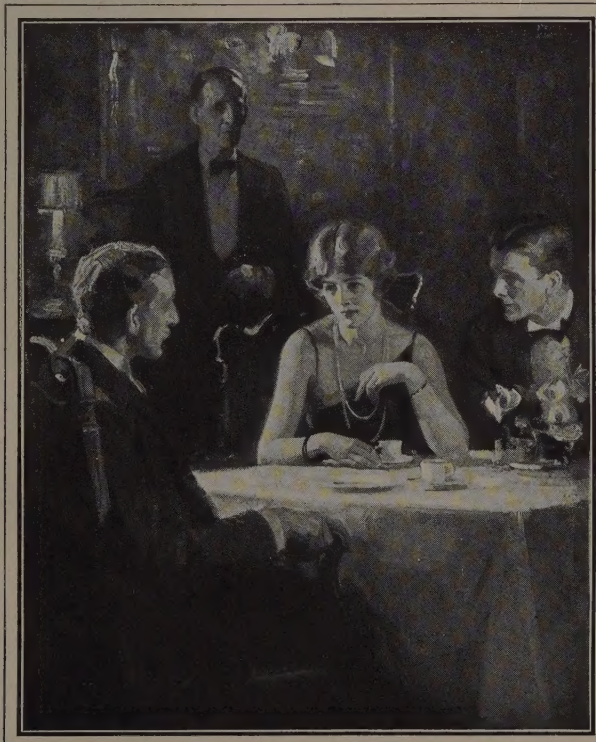
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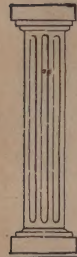
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husband and father can come to New York alone without taking in the *Follies* or the *Scandals* or the *Vanities*. The Babbitts and the pitiful would-be Babbitts all round up here, badly dressed, strutting, a-swagger; and they take back home with them an exact accounting of the nude women they have seen and the ugly jokes they have heard, to pass on to their fellow Elks. And these are representative specimens of our magnificent American manhood!

WHO ARE THE AUDIENCES?

NOW what kind of people go to plays like *The Green Hat*, *The Lullaby*, *The Shanghai Gesture*? All kinds, but I should say that the evil-minded were not in the majority. Rather the sentimental, the romantic; and, more specifically, the sentimental, romantic but decent married women. How many women, marrying for a mere physical infatuation, find themselves very shortly stranded high and dry on the sandy beach of an arid humdrum relation? The glow lingers only in their hearts; the imagination feeds its little light. In the older days women of this sort dreamt of Prince Charmings and graceful, delicate surrenders. To-day women are in revolt, and if they don't actually get out and do reckless things, they think reckless thoughts. They see themselves iconoclasts, gloriously

afire, glamorously sinning. And so our matrons go to plays that make sin the gorgeous, purple adventure their own unworldly little minds have so falsely conceived it. What more alluring destiny than that of a Mad Var-rick with broken back and a Paquin opera-cloak (or was it Callot Seurs?). What a fate to intrigue the sentimental fancy—that of the green-hatted, rotten March driving her yellow Hispano straight, unswervingly into a blue spruce? And who knows—there may be some woman somewhere, bolder and more daring than her sisters, who, in those tender day-dreams that come to every housewife as she plies her homely tasks, sees herself running an even bigger and more lurid house of ill repute than Mother God-dam. Ah, well, ambition is but another form of despair. Michael Arlen and the rest of the Ouida school owe one or two, at least, to a performance.

So, day by day and night by night, this "thing" we call an audience goes jostling and pushing up and down Broadway, into the theatres and out again. The army of saints; the forces of Belial; Sodom and Gomorrah; a monstrous composite of everything that has made up human nature since the world began. Well—let us not be too harsh in our judgment; for—I say it with Cyril Maude—aren't we all?

THE THEATRE REPEATS ITSELF

(Continued from page 31)

ity. It was inexpensive to exhibit, therefore accessible to the mass of the people, and accessible, like the movie, without formality at any time of day. It was easy to transport, therefore became, again like the movie, the sole dramatic diversion of rural communities. In it the legitimate managers recognized their most dangerous competitor and were panicky about it.

In Shakespeare's time a dozen theatres had flourished in London. Then followed the score of years when Puritan austerity kept theatre doors tightly shut. Only two of the dozen came to life under the Restoration and their days were fitful and parlous. The theatre has never been in sorrier plight. But it did not succumb. Nor will it ever succumb, and certainly not to the competitors it dreads. Its enemies are within, not without. They are the managers who charge extortionate prices for tickets; who by the type of play they produce, pandering

to a public's baser nature, invite what may prove to be a fanatic censorship; who charge the hinterland Broadway rates for the try-out of a play which may never reach Broadway, or, reaching there, expire instantly; who send out to the hinterland second and third-rate companies in popular plays and again charge Broadway rates.

Not to be despised, this hinterland, for in it lies wealth still untouched for the theatre. One has only to see the packed houses of the cheap stock companies to realize this. At a price within their means, even to the crowd the living actor is preferable to a picture of him, the theatre is preferable to the movie. I am wondering how long it will take some of these metropolitan managers to sense that a fortune awaits them in the hinterland in a chain of better stock and repertory companies, with the advantage of the easy interchange of actors and guest artists. Sense it in time they must.

THE "SCAB" PLAYS

(Continued from page 11)

Too long has the ability to entertain been generally regarded as a cheap accomplishment. It should be the best rewarded of all talents—when it really entertains. I hope the next step will be an understanding between managers, authors (and actors, of course) that an extra price must be paid for encores, just as the circus col-

lects ten cents for the "concert" that goes on while the seats are clattering down and the animals are being hauled to the train. Just what an author should be paid for answering a curtain call is more than I feel able to suggest. It should receive the careful attention of the scale committee.